

Something Inside

[Part One]

DOCTOR: Ah, it's you. Again. Thought you'd given up on me. (sighs) I should have known you'd be back for more. I suppose you want me to talk, tell you everything. Well, I won't.

(Footsteps approach.)

DOCTOR: I can't.

RAWDEN: You know what will happen if you don't answer my questions, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, I know. Physical violence, pain, torture, what have you. But I'm bored with that. Aren't you bored with all that?

RAWDEN: There are other forms of torture besides the purely physical.

DOCTOR: Ah, mental torture. Boring.

RAWDEN: We'll see. I may have to introduce you to Mister Twyst, my expert on all matters painful.

DOCTOR: So when does it start up again, then?

RAWDEN: Oh, why, Doctor, I do believe you're looking forward to it.

DOCTOR: Ow!

RAWDEN: I know I am.

DOCTOR: I can't tell you anything. I can't. I keep telling you that.

RAWDEN: Yes, I know, and I keep not believing you.

DOCTOR: I wish I could tell you, I really do, but, well, this is a bit embarrassing. You see, I've lost my memory.

RAWDEN: Oh, please, can't you come up with anything more original?

DOCTOR: I know. I can scarcely believe it myself, but that's it. That's my excuse. Total amnesia. Sorry.

RAWDEN: Oh, don't apologise. I like a challenge.

(Footsteps, humming of machinery, slight echo of a large space.)

TESSA: Hello? Anyone down there? Marcus, I know you're there. Come on, stop hiding. Come on, come on.

MARCUS: Go away! Leave me alone.

TESSA: Marcus, what are you doing down here?

MARCUS: Let go of me!

TESSA: Calm down, calm down. I'm not going to hurt you, am I. It's me, Tessa. We're all in this together, remember?

MARCUS: You shouldn't have come after me. How did you find me?

TESSA: Don't be an idiot. You're terrified. Not even these walls can hide that. The others have been looking for you everywhere.

MARCUS: I know. Why did you come after me?

TESSA: I'm concerned for your welfare. It's in my job description.

MARCUS: What does that matter any more?

TESSA: Well, technically it doesn't matter at all, but we've still got to look after each other. We're a team.

MARCUS: You don't really believe that.

TESSA: No, well, maybe not, but Latch does, and he still thinks we can escape.

MARCUS: What do you think?

TESSA: That there is no escape. Not from here.

MARCUS: And no place to hide?

TESSA: So come on, we should go back to the others.

MARCUS: No! I'm not moving. It, it can't find me down here.

TESSA: Well, I found you.

MARCUS: No, that's it. It's coming! It's found me! How did it find me? It's coming for me, Tessa. I'm next, I know I am!

TESSA: Wait. Listen. I think you're right. Something *is* coming. I can feel it.

MARCUS: We've got to get away! Run! Run!

TESSA: But I can't

MARCUS: It's come for me! We've got to split up. Leave me!

TESSA: Marcus, I'll find the others. Run!

(The Tardis materialises. The door opens. Hum of distant machinery and a slight echo.)
C'RIZZ: Charley, that really hurt.
CHARLEY: Oh, C'Rizz, you're such a child sometimes.
DOCTOR: Now, now, Charley, C'Rizz. Let's not argue. People will think we're. Oh. No people. Now that's disappointing. Last time I attended the Festival of Ghana it was crowded, loads of people. Or was that the Festival of Jupiter?
CHARLEY: It's deserted.
C'RIZZ: And very dark.
CHARLEY: Nighttime, perhaps?
DOCTOR: Could be, but we're indoors and there are no windows.
CHARLEY: And no Festival of any kind.
DOCTOR: You know, I think the Tardis is being deliberately obtuse.
C'RIZZ: You mean this *isn't* the Festival of Ghana?
DOCTOR: Of course it isn't.
CHARLEY: Perhaps you made a mistake with the coordinates, Doctor.
DOCTOR: No, no, no, I double-checked. This is definitely Earth. It's the Tardis, I tell you. She's just mucking about. I wonder where we are exactly?
C'RIZZ: Somewhere dark and cold. Metallic walls. Not very inspiring.
CHARLEY: It could be anywhere.
DOCTOR: No, it's definitely somewhere. Here's a door, look.
(Opens door.)
DOCTOR: Hello? Anyone home?
CHARLEY: Oh! Oh, what's that smell?
DOCTOR: Human sweat. Fear. Unmistakable.
CHARLEY: Urgh, sorry I asked. Must we go in?
C'RIZZ: It's still a bit dark.
CHARLEY: Is there a light switch or something?
DOCTOR: Wait, I've got a torch somewhere. Ah ha. (click) Here.
MARCUS: Keep away!
CHARLEY: God!
DOCTOR: Hold on, it's all right.
MARCUS: Keep away!
DOCTOR: We don't mean you any harm. It's all right.
MARCUS: It's in my head. It's in my head!
DOCTOR: What is? Try to relax.
MARCUS: Get it out! Get it out of my head!
CHARLEY: Oh, my God, he's having a fit!
DOCTOR: Charley, C'Rizz, help me. Keep hold of him. Keep hold. What's your name?
MARCUS: Ma, Marcus.
DOCTOR: All right, Marcus, very pleased to meet you. I'm the Doctor.
MARCUS: Keep away from me! Argh!
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor, what happened to him?
DOCTOR: I wish I knew. I've never seen anything like it.
C'RIZZ: His skull just seemed to
DOCTOR: Look at his face, look at his eyes.
CHARLEY: Oh, he looks terrified.
C'RIZZ: He died in absolute fear. But there's something else.
DOCTOR: Yes?
C'RIZZ: There's something about his eyes. Something, oh, I don't know, empty almost. More than just dead.
CHARLEY: Some people say the eyes are the window to the soul.
DOCTOR: But then some people have more poetic sense than common sense. You're right, C'Rizz, there is something else, and it feels like an itch in my own mind that I just can't scratch.
C'RIZZ: What could that be to a person, Doctor? Was there something inside his head, do you think?
DOCTOR: An itch he couldn't scratch? Possibly. Anyway, I doubt this chap is all on his own here. There must be other people about. People who will want to know about this.
C'RIZZ: He doesn't seem to be carrying any kind of ID.
CHARLEY: Or any personal possessions at all. Look at his clothes. Plain overalls. They don't even fit properly

DOCTOR: Nothing to indicate what he's doing here, or where here actually is. Come on, we'd better find someone.

CHARLEY: We can't just leave him like that.

C'RIZZ: Why not?

DOCTOR: There's nothing we can do for him now, Charley, except maybe find his friends or family.

C'RIZZ: And what did this to him.

CHARLEY: Of course.

DOCTOR: Come on.

(Footsteps.)

JANE: Latch, is that you?

LATCH: It's me.

JANE: Any sign of the others?

LATCH: No, nothing. How about you?

JANE: Tessa's all right, I think, but I can't make any contact with Marcus.

LATCH: Nor me.

JANE: He's dead, isn't he? We're being picked off one by one.

LATCH: We can't know for sure what's happened yet. If Tessa is okay, then there's still a chance.

JANE: Chance for what? That we might actually survive?

LATCH: There has to be a way out, Jane. There has to be. It's just a case of finding it.

JANE: Finding it before we're killed, you mean. At this rate I don't fancy our chances.

LATCH: Wait, there's Tessa. We were beginning to think we'd lost you, too.

TESSA: Latch, Jane.

JANE: Where's Marcus? Did you find him?

TESSA: He's. I don't know.

LATCH: Where is he? Skulking in some dark corner, scared out wits?

TESSA: He was (pause) hiding.

LATCH: There's no point in hiding. Did you tell him that?

TESSA: Yes, I told him that, but I think it might be too late.

JANE: I knew it.

LATCH: What do you mean? They got him, got Marcus?

TESSA: Yes.

JANE: We've got to get out of here.

TESSA: There is no way out.

LATCH: So you keep telling us. Ever thought of trying to find a way out?

TESSA: You just won't give up, will you, Latch?

LATCH: I'm a survivor, Tessa. If you won't help us, then at least don't hinder us. We intend to get out of here. I intend to find the person responsible for this.

TESSA: Then what?

LATCH: Kill them. What else.

JANE: You could help us, Tessa. You know you could.

TESSA: I think we're beyond help now, all of us.

RAWDEN: So, you still expect me to believe you don't know what's going on, that you have no idea how you came to be here?

DOCTOR: That's right, none at all. My mind is a complete blank.

RAWDEN: Oh, you Psychs. You think you're so superior.

DOCTOR: Psychs?

RAWDEN: Psychics, telepaths. You trying to tell me you've forgotten that you're telepathic?

DOCTOR: I'm not telepathic.

RAWDEN: Of course you are.

DOCTOR: No, no, really, I'm not.

RAWDEN: How would you know? You can't remember anything.

DOCTOR: Well, I don't *feel* telepathic. I'm sure I'd notice if I was. And I can't tell what you are thinking, beyond the obvious, of course.

RAWDEN: Ah, but your special powers won't work in here. You see, the walls are lined with psychic energy suppressants.

DOCTOR: Ah.

RAWDEN: Sound familiar?

DOCTOR: No.

RAWDEN: You're either very clever, Doctor, or incredibly stupid. I can't decide which.

DOCTOR: Tell me when you've worked it out. I'd quite like to know myself.

RAWDEN: What's it like, then, hmm? Suddenly being normal, reduced to a bog-standard human.

DOCTOR: I honestly don't know how to answer that.

RAWDEN: I think we need something to jog your memory, Doctor.

DOCTOR: How about hypnotic memory regression? Have you thought of that?

RAWDEN: Oh, I was thinking of something simpler. A little reminder of your recent past.

DOCTOR: That would be interesting.

RAWDEN: We'll see. Bring him in!

(Door opens.)

C'RIZZ: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Hello, there.

C'RIZZ: I thought you were dead. What are they doing with us? Where are we?

RAWDEN: Well, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I'm sorry, I've never met this person before.

RAWDEN: Are you seriously trying to tell me you don't recognise this, this thing?

C'RIZZ: Doctor?

DOCTOR: I'm sorry, I don't know you. And I think I would remember a face like yours. Believe me, I'm as disappointed as you obviously are.

C'RIZZ: What happened to you?

DOCTOR: Well, I appear to have lost my memory. Careless, I know, but there you are. This gentleman here has been trying to help me regain it, using, well, various methods, none of which have been either pleasant or efficacious.

C'RIZZ: You mustn't forget me, or Charley, or what's happened to us.

DOCTOR: It's a bit of a puzzle. You see, I may indeed know you, but I don't remember you.

C'Rizz, did you say? Unusual name. Where are you from? Maybe it will jog

RAWDEN: Enough, enough.

DOCTOR: But I was just getting going.

RAWDEN: You're wasting my time.

DOCTOR: Hold on a minute. This chap seems to know me. Maybe he can answer some of your questions. Ask him some. Go on.

RAWDEN: I already have.

C'RIZZ: He already has.

RAWDEN: He's useless to me. He's obviously not even human, and so was never a Psych. But we mustn't hold that against him. I had hoped that he might prove effective in forcing you to answer some questions though, Doctor. You know, rather than hurting you, I could hurt him.

DOCTOR: That's not fair.

RAWDEN: Of course not, but you are my prisoner and I am your captor, and I have to claim some advantage.

DOCTOR: What do you want to know?

RAWDEN: Oh, what's this, cooperation?

DOCTOR: I will tell you anything if it will stop you hurting someone. I'll tell you the sky is falling down and the moon is made of Gruyère if any of that will stop you hurting him.

C'RIZZ: Doctor, I am sorry. Latch said

RAWDEN: Latch? Latch? Gordon Latch? I might have known he'd still be alive. Who else?

C'RIZZ: I don't know their names.

RAWDEN: Maybe we can find a way to help you remember. Remove him.

DOCTOR: Wait. Wait, wait, wait. Where are you taking him? He's injured. He needs medical attention.

RAWDEN: From you, I suppose?

DOCTOR: Whoever he is, I don't want to hurt him. Leave him alone.

RAWDEN: Oh, is that it? Are you finished?

DOCTOR: I don't like to see anyone suffer, that I do know.

RAWDEN: How can you be sure? You don't remember. Perhaps you were a killer, a murderer, a torturer.

DOCTOR: I'm sure I'd remember something like that.

RAWDEN: How?

DOCTOR: (sighs) Here's a clue. I am the Doctor. Not the Murderer or the Torturer. I'll leave that kind of stuff to you.

RAWDEN: Hmm. So, what would you do if I told you I'm not going to leave C'Rizz alone, hmm? That I'm going to hurt him.

DOCTOR: Don't.

RAWDEN: I could tear out his reptilian tongue, burn out his eyes, crack his head open like an egg, if I have to. Anything to make you talk, to make you tell me the things I want to hear. Well? Nothing to say? No heart-breaking plea, no, no confession?

DOCTOR: Do what you want. It won't make any difference. I can't tell you what you want to know.

RAWDEN: You can, and you will.

LATCH: Where did you last see Marcus?

TESSA: He was hiding in the lower level, one of the ancillary walkways, under a stairwell. He was scared. I think he could sense something was coming after him.

JANE: You ran away.

TESSA: We both ran. We split up. Something was coming. We just panicked and ran. Marcus went one way and I went the other. I don't know what happened to him.

LATCH: I think we can all guess.

JANE: We don't have to guess. Come on, you both know he's dead.

TESSA: I lost any trace of him some time ago. He just blanked out on me. I didn't know what to think.

JANE: We all thought the same thing. You know we did. A thought like that, we all share them.

LATCH: All right, all right. But it's not so easy for us, Jane. You're the telepathy expert. You must have had a better idea of what happened. Think!

JANE: It's very confusing. If I try to make contact with him, there's, there's nothing there. Just a blank. Like you said, it could mean Marcus is dead. But there's something else. Someone else.

TESSA: Someone else?

JANE: Can't you feel it? A stranger. A doctor, here in the Cube.

LATCH: A doctor?

TESSA: You mean another Psych? Is that possible?

JANE: I don't know, but there's definitely someone else in the Cube. Someone telepathic. And that means they're in trouble.

(Clang!)

C'RIZZ: What was that?

CHARLEY: A door closing somewhere?

DOCTOR: Or opening.

(Clang!)

C'RIZZ: There it goes again. I don't like the sound of it. Oh, can't we go back to the Tardis?

CHARLEY: Oh, rather. Please, Doctor?

DOCTOR: What's got into the pair of you? Ooo, spooky noises.

C'RIZZ: And someone with his skull turned inside out. Let's not forget that.

(Clang! And a faint hissing sound.)

DOCTOR: Actually, I don't much like the sound of that either. Very strange acoustics, this place. Now, where's that tuning fork?

CHARLEY: Doctor, may I suggest the better part of valour?

DOCTOR: All right, a discreet exit, just this once. Come on, back the way we came.

CHARLEY: Oh, can we move a bit quicker, please?

DOCTOR: This way. Come on, hurry up.

CHARLEY: I didn't think we'd come this far.

DOCTOR: The Tardis is just up ahead. Keep going. The architectural layout here is rather brutal, but I've an excellent sense of direction. It's all based on quadrilaterals, have you noticed? Around the corner, go on.

CHARLEY: Oh no.

C'RIZZ: This door wasn't here before.

DOCTOR: Perhaps it closed behind us.

CHARLEY: Oh, let's just go through and we can worry about it later.

C'RIZZ: It's locked.

CHARLEY: It can't be.

DOCTOR: Let's have a look. Hmm. Sonic screwdriver number three, I should think.
C'RIZZ: Er, Doctor, please be quick. That thing, I think it's gaining on us.
DOCTOR: Won't be a tick. Nearly there. That's my beauty. Come on. One, two and we're nearly there.
(Thud. Silence.)
C'RIZZ: I don't believe it. Doctor, I. Doctor?
CHARLEY: What is it?
C'RIZZ: The Doctor, he's gone.
CHARLEY: What? He can't have gone.
C'RIZZ: Oh, no.
CHARLEY: Where's the Tardis?
C'RIZZ: What's going on?

JANE: Down here. There's a trace, a feeling. Yes, this is near to where they came in.
LATCH: Slow down, Jane. I don't understand. Came in? How could they get in? They can't have teleported in. Speaking of which, where's Tessa got to?
JANE: Maybe she teleported.
LATCH: Very funny.
JANE: Shh. There's been some sort of psychic disturbance down here.
LATCH: The stranger, the doctor.
JANE: Maybe, yes. He, he was here. I can sense it, can't you?
LATCH: There is something, now you mention it, just on the edge of ESP. Oh, damn this place. We're practically blind in here.
JANE: Deaf, dumb and blind. Oh no.
LATCH: Marcus.
JANE: Marcus. Just like the others
LATCH: Oh, what a mess. Poor kid. Hell, we've got to get out of here. I've got to get out of here!
JANE: We will, we will. But think about it. There's someone else in the Cube now. I can sense him. A doctor. Somehow he got in here. And if he could get in
LATCH: Then he can get out.
JANE: Exactly.

(Breathless.)
CHARLEY: I can't believe it's gone! Not the Tardis.
C'RIZZ: Quick, help me shut this door.
CHARLEY: But the Doctor.
C'RIZZ: He's not here and that thing is. Now come on!
CHARLEY: Oh, it's stuck!
C'RIZZ: No, just heavy. Come on, heave.
(Clang.)
C'RIZZ: I doubt that'll hold for long.
CHARLEY: But where's the Tardis? I mean, this is where we left it, isn't it?
C'RIZZ: Well, maybe, maybe the Doctor got in, thought we were with him and just took off!
CHARLEY: What?
C'RIZZ: I don't know.
(Growl.)
CHARLEY: Whatever that thing is back there, it's not giving up.
C'RIZZ: It's coming through!
CHARLEY: Run!
(Clang.)
C'RIZZ: Too late!
CHARLEY: Run!
LATCH: This way. Over here, all of you!
C'RIZZ: What? Who are you?
JANE: No time for questions. Move it!
LATCH: Follow us if you don't want to lose your minds.

RAWDEN: Come on, Doctor. Don't give up so easily. We've barely begun.
DOCTOR: I need to rest. My head hurts.

RAWDEN: That's understandable, but I really don't care. I want to know what happened in there. The full story. Specifically I'd like to know how you got out.

DOCTOR: I can't. I can't remember.

RAWDEN: Come on. Think, man. Lives could depend on it. The life of your friend C'Rizz, for instance.

DOCTOR: Don't hurt him any more, please.

RAWDEN: Give me a reason not to, Doctor. Tell me what happened in there. What do you know about the thing that attacked you? Did you see it? How did you get away? Come on, man, I haven't got all day!

DOCTOR: I need to rest.

RAWDEN: You know, C'Rizz is quite a mess. Want to see him again?

DOCTOR: No.

RAWDEN: But he's an old friend.

DOCTOR: Then I certainly don't want to see him.

RAWDEN: Oh, have it your own way. We'll just have to hurt him some more.

DOCTOR: All right, all right, all right, stop, stop.

RAWDEN: This had better be good, Doctor.

DOCTOR: What do you want to know?

RAWDEN: The same as before. Did you see it?

DOCTOR: I, I don't, I don't know. I mean I think I did. I just don't want to remember. Some mental block, I think. Post-traumatic stress disorder. It's there, in my mind. A memory like a worm, turning and twisting in the dark. Blood red, blind. It's there. It's there.

RAWDEN: You did see it.

DOCTOR: (sotto) Yes. But I can't, I mustn't think about it any more.

RAWDEN: You've done well, but I need to know more.

DOCTOR: I don't want to think about it.

RAWDEN: I still need to know who is left alive in there.

(Footsteps, clang.)

CHARLEY: Who exactly are you?

LATCH: Gordon Latch. This is Jane Thirgood.

JANE: Hi there.

C'RIZZ: Very pleased to meet you. I'm

JANE: C'Rizz. Hello.

C'RIZZ: Er, yes, that's right.

LATCH: And you're Charley.

CHARLEY: But we've never met. How do you know who we are?

C'RIZZ: A very good question. I hope you have a good answer.

LATCH: Which unit were you with?

CHARLEY: Unit?

LATCH: Which Psych team?

CHARLEY: Oh, there seems to be some sort of misunderstanding. We're not with any team.

LATCH: How did you get in here?

C'RIZZ: Well, we were just passing, and the Doctor brought us here.

JANE: Doctor?

LATCH: Liar.

CHARLEY: I beg your pardon?

LATCH: You're lying. I can see it. It's as clear as day. What about the blue box?

C'RIZZ: You've seen the Tardis?

JANE: Not exactly seen, no.

LATCH: Do you know the way out?

CHARLEY: Listen, maybe we should all just start again.

LATCH: I said, do you know the way out of here?

CHARLEY: Do you know where the Doctor is?

LATCH: I thought he was with you. Where is he?

(Clang!)

JANE: We don't have time to talk about this now, Latch. We have to keep moving.

LATCH: Come on, let's move.

CHARLEY: Why?

LATCH: Look, if that thing catches us.

C'RIZZ: That thing? What thing? What is it, exactly?

(Clang!)

JANE: Latch, come on. We need to to move!

LATCH: Come on. This way, all of you. If we can reach the upper level fast enough, we might stand a chance.

CHARLEY: But what are we running from?

LATCH: I'll explain later.

C'RIZZ: I hate it when people say that.

JANE: Come on, hurry!

DOCTOR: Why? Hmm? Why do you want to know about Latch, was it?

RAWDEN: Oh yes, a very dangerous man. A criminal, a murderer. You could say Gordon Latch put the psycho in psychokinetic. He's the leader.

DOCTOR: Leader of what?

RAWDEN: You lot. The Psychs. He was one of the first.

DOCTOR: First?

RAWDEN: To be converted. One of the first successful ones, anyway. Superb telekineticist. Absolutely lethal. Telepathic assassination, that was his thing. He had a mind like a steel trap. One thought was all it took and pftt, you're dead. Oh, you don't look convinced, Doctor, but it's true. Gordon Latch could kill you as easily as (snaps fingers)

DOCTOR: I suppose he uses telekinesis to cut off every electrochemical reaction in the brain. That's quite a talent.

RAWDEN: It's not a talent. I made him like that.

DOCTOR: I'm sure he's very grateful. But what, may I ask, was the point?

RAWDEN: No. I'm interrogating you. Gordon Latch, Marcus Lenn, Jane Thirgood and Tessa Waylund. Are they still alive?

DOCTOR: Marcus is dead. Something turned his head inside out. I don't remember anyone else.

RAWDEN: Just as you don't remember C'Rizz, or Charley Pollard.

DOCTOR: Who?

RAWDEN: Your other friend, according to C'Rizz.

DOCTOR: You'd be better off asking him these questions. He seems to have all the answers. Don't you understand? It's like there's something missing inside my head, my mind. I can feel the hole where it used to be. Knowledge, information, emotions, people, places, colours, all the things that made me who I am, are gone. I'm just nothing.

RAWDEN: I'm heartbroken.

LATCH: We've got to keep going.

JANE: It can't be far behind.

C'RIZZ: It, it, you keep saying it.

CHARLEY: Where are we going?

LATCH: Nowhere's safe. We just have to keep moving until it loses us or gives up.

CHARLEY: Oh, I was afraid you'd say that.

C'RIZZ: Will somebody please tell us what it is we're running from?

JANE: You mean you really don't know?

LATCH: Of course he knows.

C'RIZZ: I promise you I don't.

LATCH: You must know.

CHARLEY: Look what is this place?

LATCH: Oh, you can't be serious!

C'RIZZ: Tell us where we are.

JANE: We're in the Cube.

CHARLEY: The Cube?

LATCH: You really don't know what's going on, do you?

C'RIZZ: Can't you tell? I thought you could both read my mind.

CHARLEY: What?

C'RIZZ: They can read our minds. That's how they knew our names. And about the Doctor.

CHARLEY: Is this true?

LATCH: Yes, of course it is. We're Psychs.

CHARLEY: You can read our thoughts?

JANE: We could, although I can't read anything now. Not even this close.

LATCH: No, me neither.

C'RIZZ: That's because I've suppressed my brain's natural alpha waves, and those of Charley, just enough to stop you picking up any stray thoughts we might have. Our thoughts are private.

LATCH: Very good. I'm impressed.

CHARLEY: I never knew you were telepathic, C'Rizz.

C'RIZZ: No, just something I picked up. Something I saved from someone I once, well, there's a lot you don't know about me, Charley.

CHARLEY: C'Rizz, what are you talking about?

JANE: We really don't have the time right now.

LATCH: Jane's right. We need to move to the upper level. This way. We can talk later.

RAWDEN: Tell me about the Brainworm, Doctor. You've seen it. It attacked you, damaged you. It's loose in the Cube and I want to know what it is and why it's there.

DOCTOR: I don't want to remember. Please don't make me.

RAWDEN: At the first sign of trouble in there, the Cube's surveillance system shut down. You are my only source of information, the only way I have of knowing what's going on in there. Now come on. Just a bit further. Think back. Tell me about the Brainworm.

DOCTOR: I've seen it? I've seen it.

RAWDEN: Yes. Tell me what you saw.

DOCTOR: I saw. I saw. No, I can still see it. Ah! It's in my mind. It's in my mind! My own mind!

RAWDEN: Shh. No, no, control yourself, Doctor. Doctor, I want you to remember the Brainworm. Remember what you saw, not what it did to you.

DOCTOR: It scratched, inside my mind. It hurts.

RAWDEN: That's all right, that's all right. The pain is good. Yes, it means that you're still alive in there, still feeling. It didn't kill you.

DOCTOR: It should have.

RAWDEN: But it didn't. You're still here, with me.

DOCTOR: That's what I meant.

(Running footsteps.)

LATCH: Follow me. We've got to get to the top level.

C'RIZZ: But what is that thing?

JANE: Brainworm.

CHARLEY: Oh, sounds delightful.

JANE: Don't joke. If it catches you, you'd be better off dead.

CHARLEY: Why? What does it

LATCH: We haven't got time for all these questions now.

(Clang!)

LATCH: Quick, all through here.

JANE: Hurry!

(Clang!)

JANE: That was too close, Latch.

LATCH: Agreed. Is everyone all right?

CHARLEY: Yes.

C'RIZZ: Just about.

LATCH: Good. We're safe up here.

C'RIZZ: And here is?

LATCH: The top level of the Cube. The Brainworm won't come up here.

CHARLEY: Are you sure?

JANE: It's never come up this far before.

LATCH: Yeah, relax, We're secure.

C'RIZZ: You think so?

LATCH: Yes, I'm sure.

(Clang! Hissing sound. All cry out.)

LATCH: This way! Run!

JANE: Oh no, no.

CHARLEY: C'Rizz!

C'RIZZ: Run, Charley. Run!

[Part Two]

LATCH: This way, quick! Come on, keep up.

CHARLEY: Oh, but what about C'Rizz? We can't just

JANE: Be quiet and run.

CHARLEY: We can't just leave him.

JANE: Forget about him!

CHARLEY: What?

LATCH: Look, he's dead. Keep moving or we will be too.

CHARLEY: Oh!

C'RIZZ: Er, hello? Anybody there? I can't. Anyone at all? Charley? Charley? Latch? Jane?
(Rumble of heavy door opening.)

C'RIZZ: Hello?

TWYST: Shall we have a little light on the situation? (click) Ah. There you are.

C'RIZZ: Who are you? Where am I?

TWYST: How did you get here? No idea. I found you unconscious outside, where we found the other one earlier.

C'RIZZ: The Doctor?

TWYST: That's the one.

C'RIZZ: Untie me and take me to him, immediately.

TWYST: Later. I want answers to a few questions first.

C'RIZZ: Say please.

TWYST: How did you get out of the prison?

C'RIZZ: The what?

TWYST: The Cube.

C'RIZZ: Ah, is that what it is.

TWYST: Well?

C'RIZZ: I don't know. We were being attacked by something called a Brainworm.

TWYST: Why?

C'RIZZ: I don't know.

TWYST: I think you and I need to have a nice long talk.

(Breathless.)

CHARLEY: Can we just slow down a minute?

JANE: Too dangerous.

CHARLEY: What did that thing do to C'Rizz?

LATCH: The Brainworm killed him.

CHARLEY: Killed him? No, we've got to go back.

LATCH: Not a chance.

JANE: We don't know for sure what the Brainworm really is, Charley. All we know is that it's deadly and it's in here with us, in the Cube.

LATCH: It gets inside your head. It's not pretty.

CHARLEY: Oh no. The man by the Tardis.

JANE: Marcus? It was Marcus. She's seen him. Latch.

CHARLEY: Oh, stop reading my mind!

JANE: Sorry, Charley. I can't help it. At this range, your thoughts and memories are pretty obvious. Your memory of Marcus is very strong. He didn't deserve to die like that.

CHARLEY: He was so scared. He was only young.

LATCH: Twenty years old. Our youngest recruit. Full of energy and optimism, until he came here.

CHARLEY: Recruit? You're soldiers?

LATCH: The army used us for specialist missions. The kind where psychic powers could be useful.

CHARLEY: Oh, I see. Like reconnaissance, I suppose. Spying by telepathy. You could just close your eyes or whatever and see what the enemy was thinking, what they were going to do next.

LATCH: Telepathic eavesdropping, teleport incursions, even telekinetic assassination. You name it, we did it.

CHARLEY: Did?

JANE: The war's over, Charley. We won. Complete victory, thanks to us. Normal soldiers were discharged, but we're not normal.

CHARLEY: I don't understand.

JANE: The war couldn't be won by conventional means. They had to come up with an alternative, a new kind of weapon.

CHARLEY: Psychic soldiers?

JANE: It was the only way in the end.

LATCH: You sound like an apologist for Rawden.

CHARLEY: Rawden?

JANE: Eric Rawden, the man who found a way to artificially develop ESP.

LATCH: Rawden made us like this, engineered us to develop psi-powers for use on the battlefield.

JANE: We were volunteers.

LATCH: But now they won't release us. Won't even let us see our families, our children.

JANE: Who'd want us? They say no one likes a psychic. We can read anyone's mind, open any door.

LATCH: Kill someone with a single thought.

JANE: There are no secrets around us.

CHARLEY: So what happened? How did you end up in this place?

LATCH: The Cube is a prison. A prison built for telepaths. You see, we're no longer brave soldiers fighting for our world. Rawden's reclassified us as criminals, killers and murderers. We're serving a death sentence now.

RAWDEN: You've done well, Doctor. We're nearly there. You deserve a reward.

DOCTOR: Forget it. You honestly don't think I know what kind of place this is? Do you think I've never been locked up before? The Cube is a prison. A terrible, sad, wicked, inhuman prison.

But I've escaped from more prisons than you've had hot dinners.

RAWDEN: And that is what you think you're going to do?

DOCTOR: If I can.

RAWDEN: Doctor, what you think is immaterial. What you *know*, however, is more interesting.

DOCTOR: I don't know anything.

RAWDEN: Oh, but you do. Buried in that memory of yours is the information I need. I intend to dig it out, piece by piece if I have to. I couldn't care less if it hurts. I'll just keep digging and digging and digging until I get what I want. Everything you know about the Brainworm.

Everything. You have no hope, no rights, no chance of escape. All you have, Doctor, is me.

CHARLEY: So what happened to your comrades, the other Psychs who were in the armed forces?

LATCH: They're dead. Most of them were given the treatment.

CHARLEY: The treatment?

LATCH: First they used a machine to change our brainwaves, to increase our natural psychic ability, make us telepathic, make us into Psychs.

CHARLEY: How? You mean using surgery?

LATCH: Only they didn't really know what they were doing. We weren't much more than a last desperate experiment. When the war was over, they said they could use the same machine to reverse the process.

JANE: It was supposed to remove telepathic powers from the human brain, reset our brainwave patterns to normal. They said it was a kind of cure.

LATCH: But it didn't work. The effect was temporary. Whatever they did to alter our minds, to make us telepathic, was permanent. There is no cure.

CHARLEY: That's horrible.

LATCH: Some of the people they treated died. Massive brain damage caused by psychic shock. After the first few, they stopped the treatment programme altogether, locked us all in the Cube and left us to rot.

CHARLEY: In prison?

LATCH: You said it.

CHARLEY: Just because you're telepathic?

LATCH: Another reason to thank Rawden.

CHARLEY: But he made you like this in the first place.

LATCH: Our usefulness is over. We've served our purpose. Rawden couldn't cure us so he

locked us up in here and left us to die.

CHARLEY: Why don't you just use your special powers to escape? Teleportation and that kind of thing?

JANE: The Cube is built from a special metal which nullifies psychic energy.

CHARLEY: But your powers still work. You can still read my mind.

JANE: We still have some powers, but they're weakened in here.

CHARLEY: So the walls in this place act as a sort of psychic ball and chain.

LATCH: Or a muzzle.

CHARLEY: How many of you are there in here now?

JANE: Well, now that Marcus is dead, that only leaves Latch and me. And Tessa, of course.

CHARLEY: Tessa?

LATCH: The weak link in our chain. A loner. No, scratch that. A loser.

JANE: Some say she was the most powerful Psych they ever made.

LATCH: That's debatable.

JANE: Latch and Tessa never really hit it off.

LATCH: Tessa isn't a team player. We were supposed to be a team, a unit.

CHARLEY: What happened?

LATCH: Tessa preferred to work on her own, closed her mind against us.

JANE: She was never against us, Latch. She thought you could kill her.

LATCH: She knew I never meant that. It was just an excuse.

JANE: But she was a powerful Psych. Teleport was her speciality. We always thought if anyone could find a way out of the Cube, then Tessa could.

CHARLEY: At the moment I'll settle for just finding the Doctor and C'Rizz.

LATCH: They're both dead.

JANE: You don't know that for certain.

LATCH: Don't tell me you've fallen for it as well, Jane? The Brainworm got them both.

CHARLEY: No, I won't believe that until. Well, until I have proof.

LATCH: It wouldn't be pretty.

CHARLEY: Even so.

(Clang.)

CHARLEY: What was that?

LATCH: We've waited too long. Come on! Let's move.

CHARLEY: The Brainworm?

JANE: You can generally hear it coming. Let's go.

CHARLEY: Well, where are we going?

LATCH: You want to find your friends, don't you? Come on, then. Just don't blame me if you don't like what you find.

DOCTOR: So what's next in your little bully's handbook of terror? Electric shock treatment? Matchsticks under the fingernails?

RAWDEN: We're a bit more advanced than that. We have a machine here, Doctor, which rewrites brainwaves. We used it to increase extra-sensory perception. That's how we created Latch and his kind. Psychic soldiers. It was probably a mistake, in hindsight, but the war. Well, to tell you the truth, it was a desperate time.

DOCTOR: And it called for desperate measures, I suppose.

RAWDEN: Exactly. I suppose it's true that making the Psychs was a terrible thing. It wasn't a decision that I took lightly. But I genuinely believe the Psychs won us the war.

DOCTOR: Bravo. Did they know that their reward would be a prison sentence?

RAWDEN: Perhaps they should have foreseen it, yes.

DOCTOR: (laughs) Being psychic.

RAWDEN: (laughs) Yes. You know, you and I, we could be friends, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I very much doubt it.

RAWDEN: Aw. We're both perceptive, intelligent men, strong-willed, determined. Yes, we're very alike.

DOCTOR: Now you *are* frightening me.

RAWDEN: Good.

(Running water.)

LATCH: Tessa? Tessa, are you in there?

TESSA: You know I am, Latch. You'd better come in. Who's that with you? Charley who?

CHARLEY: Pollard. And please stop trying to read my mind.
TESSA: It's hard not to. Your thoughts light up like halogen in this place.
(Bang.)
CHARLEY: Ow!
TESSA: It's a bit cramped, I know. I've fallen on hard times lately.
JANE: Haven't we all?
TESSA: Are you all right, Charley?
CHARLEY: Oh, a bang on the head, that's all. Oh. Well, I wouldn't try and read my mind right now, if I were you. It's likely to be a bit of a mess.
TESSA: Now don't be silly. Here, let me see.
CHARLEY: Ow!
TESSA: Oh, that's quite a lump. Never mind, it'll soon (pause) go away.
CHARLEY: Oh. Oh, that is better. Thank you. What did you do?
TESSA: Nothing, really. A parlour trick. I have healing hands. Cuts and contusions a speciality.
JANE: Tessa was our medic. She's being modest.
TESSA: But this is quite a deputation. Come to make me an offer I can't refuse, Latch?
LATCH: You've nothing to fear from me.
TESSA: Is that so? You hate me, but you need me. That can be a very ugly combination.
JANE: We've not come here to fight.
TESSA: No, you've come to parade your hostage.
CHARLEY: Hostage?
TESSA: That's what they're thinking, Charley. That they can use you to get out of here. And they may be right.
CHARLEY: Is this true?
JANE: We just want to get out of here.
LATCH: And we'll do whatever we have to.
TESSA: Latch, will you never give up?
LATCH: You know the answer to that.
CHARLEY: You don't need me as a hostage. To be honest, I don't think there's anyone here who'd care what happens to me. But I'm willing to help, for what it's worth. Surely there must be some way out? I mean, if there's a way in, then
TESSA: Makes sense. Yes.
LATCH: Tessa was our infiltration expert. In the old days, no one was better at teletransportation than Tessa.
CHARLEY: And now?
TESSA: I can't teleport myself out of here. It's psych proof.
CHARLEY: I know.
TESSA: But how did you and your chums get in? What is it about that big blue box of yours?
CHARLEY: The Tardis! You've seen it? Where is it?
TESSA: I can see it in your thoughts. Big and blue and full of hope and promise and safety. But what is it?
CHARLEY: Well, er, it's difficult to say.
TESSA: A time machine? That can't be right. Yet I can see you believe it. Oh, and they think I'm crazy. But I can see you don't really know all that much about it, how it works or anything. Not that that matters much now. Your Tardis isn't here any more, but the Doctor. Yes! He's the one. He's the one you want.
CHARLEY: Will you stop reading my mind, please. It's horrible.
TESSA: What? Wait, no. This Doctor person you keep thinking about.
LATCH: The Doctor's dead. The Brainworm got him.
CHARLEY: We don't know that for sure.
TESSA: Don't we? I can sense *your* thoughts, and those of Latch and Jane here. I cannot, however, detect the Doctor's thoughts anywhere. Nothing at all.
CHARLEY: What? What about C'Rizz?
TESSA: Nothing. I'm sorry, Charley. Your friends are gone, just like Marcus.
CHARLEY: No.

DOCTOR: This brainwave machine of yours, how does it work?
RAWDEN: I'm not technically minded. I believe it involves something called braincell augmentation, yes?
DOCTOR: That's interesting.

RAWDEN: Oh? Why?

DOCTOR: Oh, nothing. It's just a thought.

RAWDEN: What, exactly?

DOCTOR: Well, I imagine a machine like that, if it was sophisticated enough, could be used to repair neural damage.

RAWDEN: I think I see what you're getting at, Doctor. It might even be able to help you regain your memory. Quite ingenious. Are you serious?

DOCTOR: Well, no, actually. It's ridiculous. Forget I said it. Too risky, for one thing. It was just a mad thought. Ignore me.

RAWDEN: You're not an easy man to ignore, Doctor. You know, I think it's high time I introduced you to Mister Twyst.

DOCTOR: Mister Twyst?

RAWDEN: My technical man. And also my coercion specialist. Very thorough. Your friend C'Rizz possesses a tough exoskeleton that made normal methods of physical brutality ineffective, but Mister Twyst can be rather inventive when necessary.

DOCTOR: That doesn't sound very promising. Can I see him?

RAWDEN: Twyst? Of course.

DOCTOR: No, I mean the other prisoner. The one you said is my friend.

RAWDEN: Yes, he's with Twyst in the treatment centre.

DOCTOR: Treatment?

RAWDEN: Yes. You know, it's perfect, Doctor. Think of it. The machine we used on the Psychs. I'm sure it could be used to rehabilitate your memory. It's a very good idea.

DOCTOR: Um.

RAWDEN: We did try to use it to help the Psychs regain their humanity. Some of them didn't respond very well, it has to be said.

DOCTOR: I'm not sure I like the sound of that.

RAWDEN: Brain damage wasn't uncommon. Some of them just struck lucky and died on the operating table.

DOCTOR: Operating table?

RAWDEN: Figure of speech. The actual process is quite straight forward, I'm told. Just took us a while to perfect the technique. Or so we thought.

DOCTOR: Why, what happened?

RAWDEN: Don't ask me. It's a technical problem. They say it means nothing to me. Some sort of malfunction with the equipment.

DOCTOR: Malfunction? What exactly did

RAWDEN: But I'm sure Mister Twyst could find a usable workaround.

DOCTOR: And you've got C'Rizz in there?

RAWDEN: Well, yes. For questioning. But as I said, Mister Twyst had to be quite inventive.

CHARLEY: But you don't know they're dead, not for sure. Your telepathy can't tell you that.

TESSA: Their thoughts are gone.

CHARLEY: Gone, not dead. Don't you see? It just means they're not in the Cube anymore! I have to find them.

LATCH: There's no way out of the Cube.

CHARLEY: Oh, there must be. If they're not dead, there must be.

JANE: Charley and her friends got in. Maybe their blue box

CHARLEY: Oh, it isn't anywhere to be found at the moment. Oh, come on! We have to try.

LATCH: Don't you think we already have?

CHARLEY: I thought you were the one who wasn't ever going to give up for anything.

JANE: She's right, Latch.

LATCH: Argh. You don't understand. This place is killing us. The stuff in the walls is like something pressing down on our heads all of the time. We've got to get out!

CHARLEY: Then you only have one hope, and that's the Doctor. We have to find him.

C'RIZZ: (groans) Oh, please, no more.

TWYST: Ah, you're awake.

C'RIZZ: No more.

TWYST: Oh, come now, C'Rizz, come now. Don't be silly. There's plenty more to come.

C'RIZZ: Please, no.

TWYST: That's enough. Don't talk. Save your strength, my friend. You're going to need it.

C'RIZZ: Who are you? Why are you doing this to me?

TWYST: You can call me Mister Twyst. Now, oh, where were we? I've quite forgotten. I'm going to have to waste time reactivating those nerve endings for a start. Open old wounds, as it were.

C'RIZZ: I won't tell you any more.

TWYST: There you go again, C'Rizz, worrying about telling me things. I've already told you I'm not interested. This isn't an interrogation. There's nothing you can tell me that will make the slightest difference. There, you just relax. Well, not too much. We've got to make sure you're able to feel something, haven't we? Now, let me see. Shall we start with the electric saw?

(Saw buzzes. Door opens.)

TWYST: Mister Rawden. What a lovely surprise.

(Saw turned off.)

RAWDEN: At ease, Twyst. I have the prisoner with me.

TWYST: Oh, hello.

DOCTOR: What's going on in here? Give me that!

TWYST: Hey!

DOCTOR: What have you been doing?

RAWDEN: Don't get so excited, Doctor.

DOCTOR: This is a disgrace, Rawden. You said that this was a treatment unit for telepaths.

TWYST: The psychotronic adjustment unit, to be precise.

DOCTOR: Keep out of this, you.

TWYST: I'm engaged in important scientific research.

DOCTOR: I'll bet you are. Let me see him. It's all right, I'm a doctor. Let me have a look.

C'RIZZ: (whimpering) Doctor.

DOCTOR: Good man. Let's have a look at you. You've really gone to town on him, you butcher.

TWYST: I barely started.

C'RIZZ: Doctor, help me please.

DOCTOR: Yes, I will, I will. What was your name again?

RAWDEN: Doctor, I didn't bring you here to demonstrate your bedside manner.

DOCTOR: Don't you have any analgesics in here? Painkillers of some kind?

TWYST: Not much call for them here, actually.

DOCTOR: How badly are you hurt? Is anything broken?

C'RIZZ: I don't know.

DOCTOR: Can you move?

C'RIZZ: Oh, the pain.

RAWDEN: Doctor, I brought you here to rewrite your brainwaves.

DOCTOR: And you really think that that would work?

RAWDEN: Twyst?

TWYST: Er, well, it's possible, I suppose. The brain surgery techniques are fairly straight forward. We originally used the machine to make normal people into Psychs, but unfortunately when we reversed the process to turn Psychs back into normal people

DOCTOR: It didn't work.

TWYST: Not quite in the way we'd hoped, no.

DOCTOR: What exactly went wrong, Twyst? Rawden said something about a malfunction. Perhaps I can help. I'm good with gadgets, I think.

TWYST: Well, I don't know.

DOCTOR: How does it work? Something about cellular augmentation, wasn't it. Rewriting brainwaves. Sounds pretty simple.

RAWDEN: Perhaps a demonstration, Mister Twyst?

TWYST: I've always preferred to show rather than tell.

DOCTOR: Let's not be too hasty. I wouldn't want to put you to any trouble.

RAWDEN: Oh, don't worry about that, Doctor. I'm sure we can find a volunteer.

(Twyst chuckles.)

(Footsteps.)

LATCH: Charley, hold it.

CHARLEY: Let go of me!

LATCH: Just stop a moment, will you?

CHARLEY: The Doctor and C'Rizz are more than just friends. They're like family to me.

LATCH: I understand.

CHARLEY: I'm certain there must be a way out of the Cube.

LATCH: Maybe.

CHARLEY: No, you have to believe.

JANE: I'm sorry, Charley. You saw what happened to Marcus. Latch is right when he says the same thing could have happened to the Doctor.

CHARLEY: Anything's possible, believe me. We're always escaping from inescapable things.

JANE: Always?

CHARLEY: It's a way of life when you travel in the Tardis.

JANE: So where are you heading?

CHARLEY: Well, we should start by going back to where we last saw him. Where the Brainworm attacked.

LATCH: No, too dangerous.

JANE: That's true wherever we go now. Nowhere's safe any more.

CHARLEY: So what are we going to do, just stand here? Please, I just want to find my friends.

JANE: Latch, think of it. A way out of here.

CHARLEY: Latch?

LATCH: We might as well die trying to do something.

TWYST: And this is the resequencing beam laser here.

DOCTOR: And this directly rewrites the brain's alpha waves.

TWYST: Complete neural restructure. I can see you're impressed, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Then you must be quite blind, Mister Twyst. What does this bit do?

TWYST: Don't touch that! Please. It reverses the process, and we've only recently recalibrated the forceshields.

DOCTOR: Sorry. So this is actually the same machine that was used to enhance the patient's latent telepathic abilities?

TWYST: That is correct. Every volunteer soldier was subjected to a thorough ESP test first.

Only the highest scoring candidates were even considered for brain cell augmentation.

DOCTOR: Even so, the process must have been very dangerous.

TWYST: Very much so. But we learnt a lot as we went along. In the end, our success rate was good enough to make the project worthwhile.

RAWDEN: An elite unit of psychic soldiers.

DOCTOR: Bending spoons for King and Country, hmm?

TWYST: Their talents were considerably more useful than that, and extremely dangerous. Take Gordon Latch, for example. We made him into the supreme psychic warrior, a mind as deadly as any gun. Small wonder some of them found the psychic transition difficult to cope with.

DOCTOR: I don't doubt it.

RAWDEN: But we offered them a cure.

DOCTOR: When you'd got what you wanted.

RAWDEN: We were trying to help them, Doctor. We owed them that much. We made them into freaks.

DOCTOR: And that's when you recalibrated the machinery to reverse the process.

RAWDEN: So that we could turn their special powers off, allow them to function as normal human beings.

DOCTOR: Normal human beings? You mean those that can love and hate, laugh and cry, sleep and eat, as opposed to telepathic ones who can do all those things as well?

RAWDEN: You don't realise how dangerous they were.

DOCTOR: How dangerous you made them.

TWYST: Their telepathic powers changed them, made them unreliable. They were no longer like us. But I don't expect you to appreciate this.

DOCTOR: Appreciate it? What I don't appreciate is why you've got C'Rizz wired into this machine. After all, there's not much point in trying the machine out on him. That exoskeleton cranium will prevent effective psycho-surgery.

RAWDEN: Whereas you, Doctor, would make the perfect patient. You said yourself it might be just the thing to help you cure your amnesia.

TWYST: Or kill him in the process.

DOCTOR: Kill or cure. Sorry, I don't like the odds.

TWYST: Of course, this machine would probably boil C'Rizz's brain in his skull.

RAWDEN: It's your choice, Doctor. Subject yourself to the machine. Let's try and reawaken those telepathic memories. Or allow us to continue with C'Rizz.

DOCTOR: I am not going anywhere near that thing. It would be like trying to unpick stitches with

a garden fork, and there are enough mindless zombies in the universe without me joining them.
RAWDEN: Very well. Mister Twyst, continue with the operation on C'Rizz.
TWYST: Yes, sir.
DOCTOR: Wait, stop.
C'RIZZ: No, no. Doctor, let them do it. It doesn't matter any more.
DOCTOR: Be quiet, C'Rizz. This has got nothing to do with you.
C'RIZZ: Actually
TWYST: Synaptic control programme activated.
(Machine starts up.)
RAWDEN: Well, Doctor, what's it to be?
TWYST: Psycho-electric power at optimum capacity.
DOCTOR: Rawden, stop him!
TWYST: Virtual scalpel to align for neural excoriation.
C'RIZZ: Goodbye, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Rawden, for pity's sake, I can't let this happen.
RAWDEN: There's only one way of stopping it, Doctor.
TWYST: Ready to begin psychic extraction.
DOCTOR: All right, all right!
RAWDEN: Twyst.
C'RIZZ: No, Doctor, don't.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, I haven't any choice.
RAWDEN: Swap them over, Twyst.
C'RIZZ: Doctor, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Please.
DOCTOR: It has to be this way.
TWYST: Into position, please, Doctor. There. Just relax.
DOCTOR: Don't touch me. I can manage myself.
RAWDEN: Interesting decision, Doctor.
C'RIZZ: Murderers. You'll kill him.
TWYST: Oh, it could be much worse than that, I'm afraid.
RAWDEN: This isn't murder, it's research. Ready, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Just get on with it.
C'RIZZ: Doctor!
RAWDEN: In your own time, Mister Twyst. Maximum power.
TWYST: Maximum power.
C'RIZZ: No!
DOCTOR: No! Argh!

[Part Three]

(Over the Doctor's cries of agony.)
RAWDEN: Had enough, Doctor? Increase the power, Mister Twyst.
TWYST: Increase? It's already as high as it will go.
(The Doctor whimpers quietly.)
RAWDEN: Then why isn't he telling me what I need to know? What's happening?
TWYST: I don't know. The machine is still operating at full power. Perhaps it's burned out his nervous system.
RAWDEN: Turn it off. Power down.
DOCTOR: Turn it off, for pity's sake.
RAWDEN: Wait.
TWYST: What?
DOCTOR: Please, no more.
RAWDEN: Wait, Mister Twyst. It's still working. He's still hurting. Look at him.
DOCTOR: Please!
TWYST: Mister Rawden, what should I do?
RAWDEN: Keep it going. We'll break him yet.
C'RIZZ: No, you'll kill him! Doctor!
TWYST: It's already operating at full power, Mister Rawden.
RAWDEN: Then we need more power. Cut in all other systems now.
(Flicking switches.)
TWYST: It may overload.

RAWDEN: Do it, Twyst. We can manage without lights for a few minutes.
TWYST: Rerouting auxiliary power systems now.
RAWDEN: Engage!
(The Doctor screams.)
TWYST: Something's wrong.
(Alarm beeps.)
RAWDEN: Switch that off.
(Alarm stops.)
RAWDEN: What's happening?
TWYST: I've never seen anything like it.
RAWDEN: Switch it off!
TWYST: I can't! It's not responding!
RAWDEN: Twyst, what's happening?
TWYST: I'm not sure. I think (choking sounds)
DOCTOR: That's enough from you.
RAWDEN: Doctor, what (choking sounds)
DOCTOR: And you. Ah, that's better. Nothing like a little lie-down to clear the mind.
C'RIZZ: Doctor, are you all right? What happened?
DOCTOR: I temporarily separated my conscious and subconscious.
C'RIZZ: And what about those two? What happened to them? Why are they just standing there like that, like statues.
DOCTOR: They're in psychic paralysis, can't move a muscle. Which reminds me, I'd better let them breathe again.
(Rawden and Twyst gasp.)
C'RIZZ: You mean you're doing that with your mind?
DOCTOR: Telekinesis, yes.
C'RIZZ: Wow.
DOCTOR: The machine turned me into a Psych.
C'RIZZ: What!
DOCTOR: Well, I was desperate.
C'RIZZ: I don't understand. I thought the machine was programmed to delete psychic powers.
DOCTOR: It was, but I used my own brainwaves to. Well, it's rather complicated, but essentially I reversed the polarity. I had to let the machine access my mind first, of course. It was a bit painful but I reprogrammed it from the inside, changed its function. I won't bore you with the details, but the basic result is that I have massively increased my own psychic powers, for a short while at least. I'm holding Rawden and Twyst in a psychokinetic forcefield. It was all I could think of at the time.
C'RIZZ: How long will it last?
DOCTOR: I don't know. Long enough for us to get out of here, I hope.
RAWDEN: Doc-tor.
DOCTOR: The effect's wearing off already. Rawden's fighting against it. He's very strong-willed. Come on.
RAWDEN: Doc-tor.
DOCTOR: Don't strain yourself, Rawden. You'll do yourself a mischief. Come on, C'Rizz, we're going..
C'RIZZ: Doctor, I can't.
DOCTOR: Nonsense. On your feet. There. Hold onto me, there's a good
C'RIZZ: Eutermesan.
DOCTOR: A good Eutermesan.
RAWDEN: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Still trying to talk, Rawden?
RAWDEN: You don't know what you're doing.
DOCTOR: Yes, I do. I'm escaping.
RAWDEN: There is no escape, Doctor. Remember the Brainworm.
DOCTOR: Remember the Brainworm. Oh, that's good, Rawden. That's very good. But I've got a big hole in my mind that I didn't have before, and I can't remember anything about it.
RAWDEN: So what do you intend to do?
DOCTOR: Is this where you expect me to tell you all my plans just because I've got you at my mercy and can't resist a good gloat? Think again.
RAWDEN: I'll destroy you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Destroy me? You can hardly speak.
RAWDEN: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Tara.
(Footsteps.)

(Clang, breathless.)

LATCH: Here it is, the upper level.

CHARLEY: Oh, no sign of them.

JANE: I'm sorry. I really am.

LATCH: The Brainworm got them. We *told* you.

CHARLEY: Oh, you're such a comfort.

JANE: He doesn't mean to be hurtful, Charley. The Cube has made us

CHARLEY: Brutal?

LATCH: Realistic. Let's face it, there is no escape. No escape from the Brainworm or from the Cube.

CHARLEY: No, we haven't found their bodies. I won't believe they're dead until I

(Clang!)

JANE: Oh no. Oh no.

LATCH: Don't panic, Jane.

CHARLEY: The Brainworm?

JANE: It's coming for us.

LATCH: It's her.

JANE: What?

LATCH: Charley! It must be. She's leading it here just like C'Rizz did.

CHARLEY: No, that's not true. I mean, it can't be.

LATCH: We've got to get away.

CHARLEY: Don't leave me!

LATCH: You're not coming with us. You're not leading the Brainworm to us.

CHARLEY: Please, don't you ow!

(Running footsteps.)

JANE: Sorry, Charley.

LATCH: Come on, Jane!

CHARLEY: Please, don't leave me here! Don't leave me!

DOCTOR: Come on, C'Rizz, come on. We don't have much time.

C'RIZZ: (in pain) Doctor, don't go so fast. I'm injured, in case you hadn't noticed.

DOCTOR: Do you always complain like this?

C'RIZZ: When subjected to merciless torture, I have been known to grumble, yes.

DOCTOR: Thought so. Well, stiffen that upper lip, my exo-skeletal friend, because we're leaving.

C'RIZZ: Leaving?

DOCTOR: This is an escape attempt, remember? Do try to keep up.

C'RIZZ: I'm injured.

DOCTOR: I meant, keep up with my thinking. Through here.

C'RIZZ: It's not easy. I assumed you were bluffing back there with all that 'I don't remember this person' stuff.

DOCTOR: What, you think I'd bluff about something like that? I swear I've never seen you before today, and I'd remember you, I'm sure, with all that grumbling.

C'RIZZ: But

DOCTOR: Stop butting. Hurry up. Through here. Rawden and Twyst won't be far behind. The telekinetic forcefield is already fading. We only have a few minutes to escape.

(Still struggling to move their jaws.)

RAWDEN: I'll kill him.

TWYST: I feel sick. My head hurts.

RAWDEN: Stop complaining and move.

TWYST: I can't. I'm too stiff. What did he do again?

RAWDEN: The Doctor generated a telekinetic forcefield around us, but it's fading now. Come on!

TWYST: It's not possible. He must have changed the machine. How could he do that?

RAWDEN: He's a Psych, isn't he? He can do anything. He's cleverer and more resourceful than I thought. Now come on, we've got to stop him.

TWYST: Is that wise?

RAWDEN: It's vital. He has no idea what he's doing, Twyst. Now hurry!

(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: Nearly there. Not far now.

C'RIZZ: Doctor, look, why don't you just leave me behind. I'm slowing you down.

DOCTOR: Leave you behind? What sort of a rescue attempt would that be?

C'RIZZ: I thought this was an escape attempt?

DOCTOR: I'm multi-tasking.

C'RIZZ: How is it that you know the way out?

DOCTOR: I paid attention on the way in.

C'RIZZ: I was unconscious when they caught me.

DOCTOR: I wasn't. I was faking it. Confused but conscious. The main exit chamber is just along here, I think.

C'RIZZ: You think?

DOCTOR: No time to dilly-dally, C'Rizz. Through here. Come on.

C'RIZZ: Oh, fantastic.

DOCTOR: What is it?

C'RIZZ: What do you mean, what is it? Are you mad? Look! it's the Tardis.

DOCTOR: What, that old blue thing?

C'RIZZ: Yes. Yes, what's it doing here? How did it get here?

DOCTOR: You know this thing then? This Police Box?

C'RIZZ: Of course. It's the Tardis. Don't tell me you can't remember the Tardis. It's our home.

We travel in it, through time and space? It's how we got here in the first place.

DOCTOR: All I know is that we have a few short minutes left before Rawden and Twyst catch up with us. There's no time to stand around gawping at Police Boxes. Now move.

C'RIZZ: I still don't understand how it could have got here.

DOCTOR: Same way we did, I imagine. Hurry up. Through here, quick.

C'RIZZ: Where did you say we were going?

DOCTOR: Main exit chamber.

C'RIZZ: Doctor, I'm sorry, I could do with some help. Loss of blood making me dizzy.

DOCTOR: What? Oh, all right. Of course. Here, lean on me.

C'RIZZ: Thank you.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry about before. The torture and all that.

C'RIZZ: Not your fault. Was it?

DOCTOR: Well, Rawden was trying to make me talk. He tried hurting me and it didn't work, so he tried hurting someone else instead.

(Door hisses open.)

DOCTOR: But don't take it personally. Watch that step. And it's a low

C'RIZZ: Ow!

DOCTOR: Door frame. Sorry.

C'RIZZ: Where are we?

DOCTOR: Main exit chamber. It has its own power supply. Wait a moment. Here, lean against the wall. I need to look at this.

C'RIZZ: What is it?

DOCTOR: A door.

C'RIZZ: I can see that. Is it the way out?

DOCTOR: In a manner of speaking, yes. Hang on a sec, where did I put that sonic screwdriver? Oh no.

C'RIZZ: What?

DOCTOR: They emptied my pockets. All of them. Look, no sonic screwdriver, no yo-yo, no string, not even jelly baby. It's a diabolical liberty! Of all the nerve.

C'RIZZ: Wait a minute. I thought you said you'd lost your memory. You couldn't even remember the Tardis or me. How come you can suddenly remember what was in your pockets?

DOCTOR: I don't know. Perhaps the contents of my pockets are very important.

C'RIZZ: Thanks.

DOCTOR: Good point though. I wonder if my memory's coming back? Ask me a question. Anything. Go on.

C'RIZZ: Er, let's see. Oh, I know. Can you remember what Tardis stands for?
DOCTOR: It stands for something?
C'RIZZ: All right, never mind that. What about Charley?
DOCTOR: Er, nope. No, I still don't remember him.
C'RIZZ: You're beginning to scare me now.
DOCTOR: I'm beginning to scare myself. There's something missing up here, something vital.
C'RIZZ: It has been said.
DOCTOR: I don't know what the Tardis is, or who Charley is, or who you are. My memories have been removed.
C'RIZZ: I'm sorry. I'm sure you'll get them back somehow.
DOCTOR: I will, never fear. But now isn't the time. Now is the time we should be worrying about opening this locked door.
C'RIZZ: What we need is a key.
DOCTOR: Brilliant. If I can just prise off this hatch. Ah, wires.
C'RIZZ: Can you remember how we got here?
DOCTOR: Didn't you say it had something to do with the Police Box?
C'RIZZ: No, I don't mean how we got into the Cube, I mean how we got here from there. This control centre or whatever it is, with that man Rawden, and Twyst.
DOCTOR: Hang on a minute, let me just sort these wires out. Can't remember which colour is live. What were you saying?
C'RIZZ: How did you get here? After the Brainworm attacked you and the Tardis. After you woke up.
DOCTOR: I thought I was the one with the dodgy memory. Here, hold this.
C'RIZZ: Ow!
DOCTOR: That'll be the live one then. Thank you.
C'RIZZ: You're welcome.
DOCTOR: As for how we got from the Cube to here, I'm not sure.
C'RIZZ: And where exactly is here?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure, but at a guess it's some sort of self-contained control centre positioned on top of the prison itself.
C'RIZZ: Right. Every prison should have one.
DOCTOR: Absolutely. Although I'm not sure that torture rooms should be standard. Don't you remember how you got here, then?
C'RIZZ: No. One minute I was avoiding that Brainworm thing, and the next, zap! I'm here.
DOCTOR: I see. Ever heard of teletransportation?
C'RIZZ: Matter transference by psychic power, you mean?
DOCTOR: That's it.
C'RIZZ: But how? We can't teleport, can we?
DOCTOR: No, of course not.
C'RIZZ: Then how did we get
DOCTOR: It's only a theory.
(Click, buzz.)
DOCTOR: Blast. I just can't get this thing to behave. The main servo-mechanism is located behind the bulkhead and I can't get through it. If I had my sonic screwdriver
C'RIZZ: Oh, why don't you use your telekinesis?
DOCTOR: What?
C'RIZZ: Your new-found psychic powers. And if you can't teleport us through the door, maybe you can trip the lock with your mind.
DOCTOR: Yes! Brilliant! Let me concentrate.
(Buzz, door unlocks.)
DOCTOR: Phew, that was harder than it looked.
C'RIZZ: Your power's fading.
DOCTOR: Afraid so. My own natural brainwave pattern is reasserting itself. Ah, we're in business, so up you get.
C'RIZZ: And where are we going now? Where does this lead?
DOCTOR: Back into the Cube.
C'RIZZ: What! I thought you said the Cube was a prison.
DOCTOR: It is, and I want to go back inside.
C'RIZZ: Whatever for?
DOCTOR: I said I want my memories back, so I need a word with the Brainworm

RAWDEN: (angry) Keep up, Twyst. I can't afford to lose the Doctor now.
TWYST: Sorry, Mister Rawden. I don't mean to slow you down.
RAWDEN: Keep quiet! This way. He made straight for the main exit chamber.
TWYST: How can you be sure?
RAWDEN: He wants to get back into the Cube.
TWYST: Back in? Why would he do? How'd you know?
RAWDEN: He wants the same thing I want. The Brainworm. And I know because I know how he thinks. He's like me, Twyst. He's desperate to know the truth. He wants answers and he can only find them in there.
(Running footsteps.)
RAWDEN: Blast.
TWYST: What is it?
RAWDEN: He's fused the controls on the main exit lock.
TWYST: We're trapped!
RAWDEN: No. He is.

LATCH: So much for the great Gordon Latch.
JANE: Don't be so hard on yourself.
LATCH: I'm just saving you the trouble. We shouldn't have left that girl like that.
JANE: You said it was her fault, that she'd let it to us.
LATCH: I, I panicked.
JANE: Latch.
LATCH: I panicked, Jane. Panicked like a, like a
JANE: Human being.
LATCH: That girl, Charley. How many more people are going to die?
JANE: This is war. People die.
LATCH: The war is over.
JANE: We're still fighting.
LATCH: Fighting? Ha! This isn't fighting. It isn't even surviving. We're just running around scared in here, like rats in a barrel waiting to die. That thing is going to kill us all, and maybe, maybe we deserve it.
JANE: No, don't talk like that.
LATCH: There is no way out. We're gonna die in here!
JANE: Latch! We owe you everything, all of us who've survived this far.
LATCH: All three of us, you mean.
JANE: We can't give up. We mustn't give up. Isn't that what you always say?
LATCH: It's what I always say, yeah.

(Running, breathless.)
CHARLEY: Keep away from me. Keep away! Oh no, dead end. Please, no. You can't, you can't. Oh no, please no. I will not give in. I will not give in to you.
DOCTOR: Is your name Charley by any chance?
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: That's me. This way!
C'RIZZ: Charley, thank goodness.
CHARLEY: Oh, C'Rizz, Doctor. Where've you been exactly?
DOCTOR: Later. For now, just run.
C'RIZZ: I can't.
DOCTOR: You must.
CHARLEY: Oh, let me give you a hand.
C'RIZZ: Isn't this where we came in?
DOCTOR: Probably. Down here. Through here.
(Clang.)
DOCTOR: No sonic screwdriver, sorry. We'll have to keep on running.
CHARLEY: Oh, nothing ever changes with you.
DOCTOR: Through this door, quickly.
(Clang.)
DOCTOR: Let's start again. I'm the Doctor.
CHARLEY: I know that, Doctor.

C'RIZZ: Oh, take no notice. He's been like this for a while now.
DOCTOR: Like what?
C'RIZZ: Like this.
DOCTOR: What?
C'RIZZ: Well, forgetful.
CHARLEY: (sarcastic) Forgetful? Since when?
DOCTOR: Stop right there. All right, so maybe when I said let's start again, I was complicating matters. Just to recap. I'm the Doctor, this is C'Rizz, and you're Charley. At the moment that's all I need to know. And all you need to know is that we're in a bit of a fix here.
CHARLEY: You don't say.
DOCTOR: This place is called the Cube.
CHARLEY: I know.
DOCTOR: It's a prison.
CHARLEY: For telepaths. I know.
DOCTOR: Glad to see you're keeping up. Well, this is a prison run by a man called Rawden. Unpleasant man, but he is under a great deal of stress. Short temper, paranoid, prone to violent outbursts, you know the sort of thing.
CHARLEY: Better than you probably realise.
DOCTOR: Great. Good. Well, what do you know about the Brainworm?
CHARLEY: It hunts Psychs. I mean, telepaths, and well, feeds on them.
DOCTOR: Not just telepaths, Charley. It hunts anything with a brainwave. You, me, the dog next door, anything. It absorbs brainwave energy and not in a good way.
C'RIZZ: There is a good way?
DOCTOR: This thing takes memories as well. Knowledge, information, everything. I need to see the Brainworm again. I want my memories back. Wait a minute. Have either of you *seen* the Brainworm?
C'RIZZ: Of course we have. We were there when it attacked you.
CHARLEY: And it was right there when you rescued me just now.
DOCTOR: No, no, no, no. I mean, have you *seen* it with your eyes?
CHARLEY: Seen it?
DOCTOR: Charley, please tell me if I'm going too fast for you. Seen it. Have you, with your eyes, in the same way that you've seen a tree or a Cyberman or a woolly mammoth.
CHARLEY: Well, yes. I mean, no.
DOCTOR: Now you're going too fast for me. Yes or no, which is it?
CHARLEY: Well, no. Now I come to think of it, no.
C'RIZZ: Don't be silly, Charley.
CHARLEY: No, I'm not. I can't actually describe the Brainworm although it was right there in front of me, I know it was.
C'RIZZ: I don't understand.
DOCTOR: That's all right, you're not meant to understand. It is quite literally incomprehensible. You don't see the Brainworm, at least not in the ordinary way. You see it in the same way that you see an idea, you see someone's point, you see what I mean.
C'RIZZ: Er, no, actually.
(Clang!)
CHARLEY: The Brainworm.
DOCTOR: Afraid so
C'RIZZ: Still after us.
DOCTOR: Of course. And coming for us whether we can see it or not. Come on, time to go.
CHARLEY: Oh, we can't keep running forever.
C'RIZZ: Agreed. And this is a prison. There's nowhere to run.
DOCTOR: Exciting, isn't it.
C'RIZZ: Look, I thought you wanted to see this Brainworm thing anyway, or not see it, if you see what I mean.
DOCTOR: I do, C'Rizz, I do. But we need to get you to safety.
CHARLEY: Why?
DOCTOR: He's been tortured. He needs medical attention and quickly.
C'RIZZ: I just need to rest for a minute, that's all.
(Clang!)
DOCTOR: I don't think we're going to be allowed to rest, C'Rizz. On your pins.
C'RIZZ: Ow.

DOCTOR: Charley, help me carry him. Come on, C'Rizz. Put an arm round my shoulder.
Charley, you go the other side.
CHARLEY: All right.
C'RIZZ: Thank you. Thank you both.
DOCTOR: We're not getting away. Not fast enough.
C'RIZZ: Oh, leave me.
DOCTOR: No, never.
CHARLEY: It's all around us, Doctor.
C'RIZZ: You said you needed a word with the Brainworm. Why not try now?
DOCTOR: Wait, wait, wait. All right, whatever you are, whatever you think you're doing.
(Growl.)
DOCTOR: No, no, wait. Listen. I don't mean you any harm.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Shh. I think I'm getting through.
(They all cry out in pain.)
CHARLEY: Oh, no!
C'RIZZ: Is he all right?
CHARLEY: I don't know.
C'RIZZ: Doctor!
DOCTOR: It's gone. It's gone.
CHARLEY: Oh, no.
DOCTOR: Gone?
C'RIZZ: Yes, Doctor, it's gone. It's all right.
DOCTOR: Oh no, you don't understand. It's gone. Another part of my mind gone. That thing just tore it out, right out of my head!
CHARLEY: What? I don't understand. What did it take?
DOCTOR: I don't know. I don't know what it is, but it's gone. It's gone!
CHARLEY: But you don't know which part.
DOCTOR: It's a very large, very complex mind, Charley. I can't keep track of every last thought and notion, can I?
CHARLEY: Perhaps what it took wasn't vital.
DOCTOR: Not vital? Remind me to throw out some of your less than vital thoughts, Charley. Care to name a few?
CHARLEY: Sorry.
DOCTOR: That creature, whatever it is, just took a bite out of me, out of what makes me me. I felt it. I can feel the hole in my mind, the sharp edges where something used to be. Something that was mine and mine alone. It was inside my head, scratching around, biting, swallowing lumps out of me.
CHARLEY: But why did it stop? Why did it just disappear like that?
DOCTOR: I don't know. Maybe we should ask her.
CHARLEY: Who? Oh!
TESSA: Hello again, Charley.

JANE: Did you feel that?
LATCH: Feel what?
JANE: A twinge, a movement. Something stirred deep inside my mind.
LATCH: Are you sensing the Brainworm?
JANE: I don't know.
LATCH: I can't feel anything.
JANE: It's, it's Tessa!
LATCH: Tessa?
JANE: Something strange, Latch. Tessa, suddenly really strong in my mind. Can't you sense it?
LATCH: I can't. Nothing. What's going on? Where is she? Is she close?
JANE: Hush, wait. There's something else. It's the one we found first of all.
LATCH: That doctor?
JANE: And he's with Tessa! But there's something else.
LATCH: What?
JANE: Come on, we've got to find them.
LATCH: Jane, wait.
(Running.)

TESSA: This way, Charley.
DOCTOR: Who's your friend?
CHARLEY: She's called Tessa. Hey, hold on. You're going too fast.
TESSA: Through here.
C'RIZZ: Where's she going? I hope it isn't much further.
TESSA: Down here. Come inside. Yes, yes, yes.
CHARLEY: All right.
TESSA: I should warn you, it's not very big.
DOCTOR: On your hands and knees, you two. Come on. We can all squeeze up.
C'RIZZ: Oh, must we?
DOCTOR: It'd be rude not to. Come on, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Oh, all right. Ow. Move up.
TESSA: Come in, come in. There's plenty of room. Oh, well, perhaps not. Still, I call it home.
DOCTOR: Well, this is lovely. Isn't this lovely, Charley? C'Rizz?
CHARLEY: Yes, lovely.
DOCTOR: Yes, talking of home, Tessa. I saw something called the Tardis, which I believe belongs to me, parked in the control centre outside the Cube earlier. I take it that was your doing.
TESSA: Is that a wild guess, Doctor, or do you know something I don't?
DOCTOR: It's just that you're probably the only one here who could teleport a big blue box like that out of the Cube.
TESSA: Guilty as charged, Doctor.
CHARLEY: But I thought the walls of this place stopped you using your psychic power?
TESSA: It takes more than a few ESP suppressors to clip my wings.
DOCTOR: Which also explains how you found us so easily. You homed in on our brainwaves.
TESSA: It's a knack.
DOCTOR: A very useful one if you're looking for anything with a brainwave.
CHARLEY: Doctor, what are you implying?
DOCTOR: I'm not implying anything, Charley. I don't need to. Tessa can pick out every thought in my head and hold it up to the light if she wants.
TESSA: You're concerned, of course, Doctor, but your thoughts, well, they give you away.
DOCTOR: Give me away?
TESSA: The Tardis is just a diversion. You're really worried about C'Rizz.
DOCTOR: Ah, yes. He's hurt, and I think it might be serious.
TESSA: I know.
CHARLEY: Serious? How serious?
C'RIZZ: I don't feel very well, Doctor.
DOCTOR: You have internal injuries, C'Rizz. It couldn't be more serious. I'm sorry.
TESSA: You're wondering if I can help.
DOCTOR: Could you?
TESSA: It would take a powerful healer to mend these wounds, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Can you do it?
TESSA: You think I can.
DOCTOR: With my help, yes. You have the psychic power, Tessa, but only I have the knowledge. C'Rizz isn't human. I may not remember *who* he is but I find I have an instinctive appreciation of alien physiology, and therefore his physiology.
C'RIZZ: I can't stay awake. Charley. Charley, are you still here?
CHARLEY: Oh, of course I am. Oh, Doctor, he's unconscious.
TESSA: So to help save his life, you wish to make telepathic contact with me?
DOCTOR: Yes.
TESSA: You understand the risk, Doctor?
DOCTOR: You know I do.
CHARLEY: Will you two please stop talking in riddles.
DOCTOR: Sorry, Charley. Tessa can use her telekinetic powers to heal C'Rizz, but only with my help, using my knowledge.
CHARLEY: So?
DOCTOR: We'll have to join minds.
CHARLEY: Well, why don't you get on with it then?
DOCTOR: It's dangerous, Charley. I could lose my mind completely.

TESSA: Or C'Rizz could die.

CHARLEY: There isn't much time, Doctor. He looks really ill.

DOCTOR: He *is* really ill.

CHARLEY: Then it's up to you to do something, isn't it?

DOCTOR: I've already lost half my mind. I don't fancy losing the rest.

TESSA: What are you afraid of, Doctor?

DOCTOR: How come you need to ask? I thought you could

TESSA: Read your mind, yes, but you're a deep one, Doctor. There's more in that head of yours than you like people to know.

DOCTOR: We all have our secrets, don't we.

CHARLEY: Doctor.

TESSA: And what are your secrets, Doctor? What's in those deep dark pockets of your mind?

DOCTOR: I wish I knew. So, I'm faced with a choice, then. Open up my mind to save my friend and let you rummage through the deep dark pockets of my psyche, or

TESSA: Or not. But you're right to be concerned, of course. You think I could be dangerous. I can sense your wariness, sense you trying to seal off the parts of your mind that you don't want me to read. You're trying to throw up barriers, think of trivial things, recite poetry, songs, scientific formulae, football scores, anything to screen your real thoughts, but it doesn't work, Doctor. I can tell that you're worried. I can sense the fear in your mind. And the answer to your question, Doctor, the one you cannot hide, is yes, I am that dangerous. That's the way Rawden made me.

DOCTOR: You are the Brainworm, aren't you.

CHARLEY: The Brainworm, Tessa? What are you talking about?

DOCTOR: It's in her head, hiding. I can sense it.

TESSA: What makes you say that?

DOCTOR: I can feel it, cold and crawling, in your head.

CHARLEY: Doctor, you're not making any sense. I'm sorry, Tessa, he's not himself. He's had a very nasty shock. It's bad of him

DOCTOR: Don't be stupid. Can't you see, can't you feel it? Look at her, Charley. It's the Brainworm, it's inside her head, looking out at us.

CHARLEY: Doctor, calm down. Stop talking like this.

DOCTOR: The Brainworm lives in Tessa's head, Charley. She was the first to be treated after the war, but the machine was faulty. It didn't remove her psychic powers, it doubled them, tripled them, made her even more powerful. The psychic powers in her mind grew, mutated, absorbed Tessa's own brainwaves and became a separate living entity.

CHARLEY: The Brainworm.

DOCTOR: She killed Marcus. The Brainworm was in Tessa's head when she cornered Marcus in the lower levels. But it can get out, roam the Cube looking for what it wants. More victims. Then it just slithers back into Tessa's head.

CHARLEY: Is this true?

TESSA: I'm afraid so.

DOCTOR: How strong is it now, Tessa?

TESSA: Very strong.

DOCTOR: But you can control it?

TESSA: Barely. It wants, it wants to be free.

DOCTOR: Which is why it wants me, or rather, my mind. I'm its ticket out of the Cube, is that right?

TESSA: It's stuck in here like the rest of us, Doctor. It wants, it needs to be free. It strengthened and used my telekinetic powers to shut down the Cube's surveillance system, to draw others in so that I, it, could find a way out. That didn't work, so I teleported you and your Tardis out of the Cube. I knew, it knew, you'd have to come back in or draw others in.

DOCTOR: Then you teleported C'Rizz out as well. The Brainworm's next escape attempt, like throwing a rope over the prison wall. You used the Brainworm's telepathic power to cut through the ESP barrier.

TESSA: It can't get through the walls any more than I can, but you, you're different. You're not Psychs. You can teleport through the walls.

DOCTOR: If someone else powers the teleporting.

CHARLEY: Doctor, I've no idea what all this means, but C'Rizz is going to die unless we do something soon.

DOCTOR: I know.

CHARLEY: Well?

DOCTOR: Charley, the only way we can save C'Rizz is if Tessa uses my knowledge to telepathically heal him. And the only way that that can happen is if I let Tessa into my mind, what's left of it.

CHARLEY: And if you let Tessa in

TESSA: He lets the Brainworm in as well.

DOCTOR: So let's do it.

CHARLEY: Oh Doctor, you can't.

DOCTOR: C'Rizz will die if I don't.

CHARLEY: But you'll die if you do.

DOCTOR: Well? Tessa, how about it?

TESSA: (struggling) I can't control it, Doctor.

DOCTOR: It's not your fault.

TESSA: It's going to kill you.

CHARLEY: Doctor, no!

TESSA: It's, it's

(Growl.)

TESSA: I'm going to kill you.

DOCTOR: Come on, then, if you think you're hard enough.

[Part Four]

(The Doctor screams.)

CHARLEY: No! No, stop it! Stop it, you're killing him!

(Hissing sound stops.)

JANE: Oh no, Latch, help me!

LATCH: What is it? What is it? What's wrong?

JANE: Something's happening. Can't you feel it?

LATCH: No, I can't. What's happening? Is it Tessa?

JANE: Tessa and the Doctor, and. Oh, no. Oh, no! The Brainworm! The Brainworm is
(Brainworm hissing sound.)

CHARLEY: Doctor.

DOCTOR: Oh. (groans) Oh, Charley.

CHARLEY: Doctor, are you all right? Speak to me.

DOCTOR: (sing-song) I've got you, got you, got you.

CHARLEY: What? What? Doctor, are you all right?

DOCTOR: I'm fine, I'm fine. Don't I look fine?

CHARLEY: Well, no, actually.

DOCTOR: How's Tessa, is she all right?

TESSA: I have survived, Doctor. I'm all right, I think. It feels very strange.

DOCTOR: What about the Brainworm?

TESSA: I don't know. Can you feel anything?

DOCTOR: Ah yes, I can feel the Brainworm right inside my head.

CHARLEY: Your head?

TESSA: Yours?

DOCTOR: Yes, mine. Don't worry, Charley, this is exactly what I intended.

CHARLEY: It is?

DOCTOR: Totally. Well, almost totally.

CHARLEY: You can't have almost totally.

DOCTOR: Are you going to pick holes in my grammar or do you want me to tell you how brilliant I've been.

CHARLEY: Can I stop you?

DOCTOR: Absolutely not. You see, I've been quite remarkably brilliant even by my own very high standards. I've actually managed to trap the Brainworm inside my own head. How about that?

TESSA: That's dangerous, Doctor.

CHARLEY: I'd say it's bordering on the foolhardy, frankly.

DOCTOR: It's not without risk, no, but then neither is crossing the road. I thought you might be a

bit more impressed, Charley. It's not every day I try to trap a powerful telepathic energy being inside my own mind.

CHARLEY: But I thought the Brainworm was in Tessa's head.

DOCTOR: It was.

CHARLEY: And that was very dangerous. What's the difference?

DOCTOR: Well, the Brainworm won't find me such a mental pushover, for one thing. No disrespect intended, Tessa, but you are only human after all. It also means I get all my memories and knowledge back where they belong, more or less. It may take a while for things to slot back into their proper places, of course. At the moment I'm sure my recipe for perfect custard has got mixed up with Fermat's Last Theorem. Could be messy. But most importantly, I now know exactly where the Brainworm is.

TESSA: Inside your own head.

DOCTOR: Yes, trapped, like a wasp in a jar.

CHARLEY: And this is safe, is it?

DOCTOR: As the Tower of London.

CHARLEY: People escape from the Tower all of the time.

DOCTOR: Try to be a bit more positive, will you, Charley? I'm doing my best here.

CHARLEY: Well, you've forgotten something already.

DOCTOR: Impossible. I've got all my marbles back.

CHARLEY: Then what about C'Rizz?

DOCTOR: C'Rizz. Oh, God, of course. How could I forget?

CHARLEY: That's what I was thinking.

TESSA: Allow me.

CHARLEY: What's she doing?

DOCTOR: She's healing C'Rizz's wounds, Charley, using telekinesis and vital information about his physiology gleaned from my mind. It requires incredible skill and amazing concentration.

TESSA: There. I think that should do it. You know, there are some dark places in his mind. I'm not sure I

C'RIZZ: No. Please no.

CHARLEY: Oh, C'Rizz, it's all right, it's all right. Honestly, everything's going to be fine.

C'RIZZ: Just let me die.

CHARLEY: You're not going to die, silly. The Doctor's here. You're safe.

C'RIZZ: Feels better.

CHARLEY: It's good to have you back. You're going to be fine, really. Now just rest a minute.

C'RIZZ: No, I can't rest.

DOCTOR: Come on, C'Rizz, look lively. You're getting a much better colour now. Almost exactly the same colour as the floor you're lying on, which is as it should be. Say thank you to Tessa.

C'RIZZ: Er, thank you.

TESSA: Pleasure, I think.

DOCTOR: I appreciate it too, Tessa. Now all we have to do is get back to Rawden's machine.

CHARLEY: Why is that?

DOCTOR: Not inside this prison.

TESSA: Not in, not in the Cube. You mean we can escape?

DOCTOR: You've got it in one.

TESSA: That's impossible. No one escapes

DOCTOR: From the Cube, that's right. No one except me. Come on.

DOCTOR: There we are. That's better. It's nice to stretch the old legs, isn't it. Right, now. The exit is this way, I think.

TESSA: Exit?

CHARLEY: Oh, come on, keep up.

TESSA: He's cleverer than I thought.

DOCTOR: It has been said before.

C'RIZZ: The Doctor's so clever he can even break out of prison and then break back in again.

DOCTOR: Sarcasm is the lowest form of wit, C'Rizz. Come on, this way.

CHARLEY: Go on, Doctor, amaze us. How's it done?

DOCTOR: It's actually very simple if you use teletransportation.

CHARLEY: Beg pardon?

DOCTOR: Matter transportation using psychic power, just like that (snaps fingers) from one place to another. That's how I got out the first time, with a little help from Tessa, of course.

TESSA: Me?

DOCTOR: You don't remember? Well, I suppose you wouldn't. Probably for the best. It wasn't really you, it was the Brainworm acting through you, through your subconscious, using your teleport power.

TESSA: But why?

DOCTOR: Like I said, it was an escape attempt. It couldn't teleport itself or you, for that matter, out of the Cube because of the telepathy proofing. But it could teleport C'Rizz and me.

C'RIZZ: And the Tardis. That's how it disappeared. That's why it was in the control centre.

DOCTOR: Exactly. Do try to keep up, C'Rizz.

CHARLEY: Well, what are we waiting for? Let's go.

DOCTOR: Yes, come on.

C'RIZZ: Tessa.

TESSA: Yes?

C'RIZZ: What did you see? Er, in my head.

TESSA: Nothing. Nothing at all.

C'RIZZ: Good. You do know I'm moderately telepathic, though, don't you?

TESSA: Yes.

C'RIZZ: And that I know therefore that you're lying.

TESSA: And?

C'RIZZ: Oh, nothing. For now.

LATCH: Jane, Jane, are you all right?

JANE: Just feeling a bit woozy.

LATCH: You look awful.

JANE: Oh, thanks. You look terrific, of course.

LATCH: You know what I mean. You're as pale as a ghost.

JANE: The Doctor's here, Latch, in the Cube. He really is alive.

LATCH: So you said.

JANE: What are you looking at me like that for?

LATCH: We all thought he was dead.

JANE: Well, yeah.

LATCH: All except the girl, Charley.

JANE: What are you driving at?

LATCH: It just makes you think, that's all. Maybe we've been looking at this the wrong way round all along. The Doctor wasn't killed by the Brainworm. Somehow he survived the attack, if there was an attack in the first place.

JANE: What do you mean?

LATCH: He was never attacked. He faked it, and then he left the Cube the same way he came in. Think about it, Jane. The Doctor must be working for Rawden.

JANE: I don't think so.

LATCH: What other explanation is there? How else could he just come and go like that? It explains how he appeared in the Cube in the first place. Only Rawden knows where the exit is.

JANE: But what about the Brainworm?

LATCH: It's Rawden's way of getting rid of us. That's why he locked us up in the Cube with it. That's why it didn't kill the Doctor. It all fits. He's working for Rawden. I'll kill him.

TESSA: Doctor, there's something else I'd like to know. Why couldn't I control the Brainworm? When it was in my mind, I mean. I tried, God knows I tried.

DOCTOR: Don't be too hard on yourself, Tessa. You're only human. I mean, even though you do have psychic powers, you're only human.

TESSA: What will happen to it, to the Brainworm?

DOCTOR: When we get to Rawden's machine, we can simply (whistles) it from my mind.

Should be fairly straight forward. Should be. But we need to escape from the Cube first.

CHARLEY: Then what are we waiting for? Teletrans-what'sit out of here and be done with it.

DOCTOR: We can't teletrans-what'sit anywhere. It was the Brainworm that did that kind of thing, and I can hardly ask it just to pop us outside, can I. Besides, teleporting's Tessa's specialist subject. I wouldn't have a clue.

C'RIZZ: So how are we getting out, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Escaping, C'Rizz. It sounds much more exciting if you call it escaping.

C'RIZZ: And how do we do that, then? Escape.

DOCTOR: The same way we got back in. Walk.

C'RIZZ: Sorry, you've lost the excitement there.

CHARLEY: Let's just get on with it, shall we? The longer that Brainworm stays inside the Doctor's head, the more worried I get.

DOCTOR: You worry too much, Charley. I said it's safe as houses. Nothing can go wrong.

RAWDEN: And that, I am afraid, is where you're very much mistaken, Doctor. Again.

DOCTOR: Oh, no.

TWYST: Hold it right there. Don't move.

DOCTOR: Rawden, and Mister Twyst. How awful to see you.

C'RIZZ: Oh no, not you again.

TWYST: Hello, C'Rizz.

CHARLEY: Are these two friends of yours?

C'RIZZ: Hardly.

DOCTOR: Allow me to introduce you. Rawden, Twyst, this is one of my very best friends, Charley Pollard. C'Rizz you already know, of course. Charley, this is Rawden and Twyst, the men responsible for this prison.

RAWDEN: The lovely Miss Pollard. Charmed, I'm sure.

CHARLEY: The feeling isn't mutual.

TESSA: These men are responsible for all this?

DOCTOR: In a word, yes. This is Tessa, by the way.

RAWDEN: Oh, I know Tessa. Cross-trained as a medic. Always thought you were too soft to be a Psych.

TESSA: Drop dead, Rawden.

RAWDEN: Ah, no can do, I'm afraid. Besides, that's Latch's thing, isn't it?

DOCTOR: How did you follow me in here, Rawden?

RAWDEN: That's a very good question, Doctor. Despite your best efforts to seal the door, you left a very useful key behind.

DOCTOR: My sonic screwdriver! Great! I'll have it back now, thanks.

RAWDEN: Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah. Not so fast, Doctor. We have unfinished business, don't we.

DOCTOR: Oh, you mean the Brainworm. Well, that's all sorted out now. Don't worry. So, if that's all, we'll be off. Excuse us.

RAWDEN: Oh, we couldn't help overhearing your little discussion, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Eh?

RAWDEN: Yes, really. So you have the Brainworm safely tucked away in your head, eh, Doctor?

DOCTOR: In a manner of speaking. I'm actually holding it in a telepathic figure four leg lock. It can't get out.

RAWDEN: You sure about that?

DOCTOR: Yes. Certain. Now, if you'll just excuse us.

RAWDEN: No. No, no, no.

DOCTOR: Or better still, help us.

RAWDEN: I'm afraid not. Twyst.

TWYST: Yes, Mister Rawden?

RAWDEN: Exert the necessary pressure.

TWYST: Yes, Mister Rawden.

(Click of gun loading.)

CHARLEY: What?

DOCTOR: Charley!

TWYST: Keep still, my dear. One wrong move and I'll blow your head off.

DOCTOR: Put the gun away, Twyst. You won't need it.

TWYST: I'll be the judge of that, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Please. She's done you no harm at all. Rawden, call him off.

RAWDEN: Not just yet, Doctor. As I said, we have business to attend to, you and I. The Brainworm. You're planning to destroy it.

DOCTOR: I have to, Rawden. The only other alternative is that it destroys us.

RAWDEN: Hmm. Scary.

DOCTOR: Believe me, it is.

RAWDEN: And yet this force, this being, is safe and secure inside your own mind.

DOCTOR: But it wants to break free, Rawden. Every minute, every second, it's scrabbling around trying to find a way to break out of my mind. Scratching at every corner, gnawing and

scraping, searching for a way out, a weakness. I can hold it, but not for ever. I need to get to the machine and use the brainwave re-writer to delete it permanently.

RAWDEN: I don't think so. The Brainworm is a powerful weapon. We may have created it by accident, but now it exists I must control it.

TESSA: Why?

RAWDEN: There will be other wars.

DOCTOR: Rawden, don't be a fool.

RAWDEN: You're the only fool around here, Doctor, if you think I'll believe a word you say. I've heard nothing but a steady stream of lies, half-truths and simple obfuscations since the moment I met you. It stops here. I'm in control now. Twyst.

TWYST: Yes, Mister Rawden?

RAWDEN: Shoot the girl.

TWYST: Right away, Mister Rawden.

CHARLEY: No, Doctor!

DOCTOR: Don't do it!

RAWDEN: Twyst, fire!

DOCTOR: No!

(Hiss of Brainworm.)

RAWDEN: Twyst!

(Twyst gurgles.)

RAWDEN: Doctor, what have you done?

DOCTOR: Nothing.

CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor. Oh.

DOCTOR: Charley, it's all right.

RAWDEN: What in the name of

DOCTOR: I told you, Rawden, I told you, you stupid ignorant little man. I said it was looking for a weakness. I told you it was looking for a way out.

CHARLEY: Oh, what happened?

C'RIZZ: The Brainworm did that?

DOCTOR: It got out, Rawden. Charley, I'm sorry. It found a way out. It found the weak point. I couldn't keep hold of it. I'm sorry.

TESSA: You did that?

DOCTOR: It wasn't me, it was the Brainworm, acting on my subconscious. It wasn't me!

TESSA: Doctor, I'm frightened.

RAWDEN: You said it found a way out, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes, out of my mind. I was holding onto it, keeping it under control, but it was trying everything it could to get free. All it took was that one moment, that one thought that Charley could be killed. A moment's weakness, that was all.

TESSA: Oh, Doctor, I'm sorry.

DOCTOR: It's not your fault.

RAWDEN: Where is it now?

DOCTOR: What?

RAWDEN: Where is it now! Where is the Brainworm now?

DOCTOR: I don't know. It's gone. It's out of my head.

TESSA: You're sure?

DOCTOR: Of course I'm sure.

RAWDEN: Where would it go? Where?

DOCTOR: Into someone else's mind, to hide. That's where it lives, in people's minds.

RAWDEN: Whose mind? If not yours, then whose mind has it gone to?

DOCTOR: I don't know.

(Footsteps.)

JANE: Where are we going?

LATCH: The upper level.

JANE: Why the sudden change of plan? The Doctor's not up there. He's with Tessa.

LATCH: But C'Rizz disappeared on the top level, remember? That's where the exit must be. Come on. We're going to find it for ourselves. How hard can it be?

JANE: And when we do find it?

LATCH: I find Rawden.

CHARLEY: Well, it's got to be one of us, hasn't it?

DOCTOR: What has?

RAWDEN: One of us has the Brainworm in our head.

DOCTOR: It isn't me.

RAWDEN: Well, you would say that.

DOCTOR: No, I wouldn't. Believe me, Rawden, I wish it was back inside my head. Then at least I would know where it was.

RAWDEN: (panicking) I don't believe you. You said it was safe before and you lied.

DOCTOR: I didn't lie. You and Twyst made that happen. Now, I didn't want

RAWDEN: Oh, you're very, very quick to blame everybody else, aren't you, Doctor.

TESSA: Oh, do stop arguing.

C'RIZZ: Tessa is right. This isn't helping.

RAWDEN: There's precious little that will help now. Look at Twyst! No one deserves to die like that. No one.

DOCTOR: Twyst died because the Brainworm acted on my subconscious thought, Rawden. It could easily have been you.

RAWDEN: Is that a threat?

DOCTOR: I wish it were.

TESSA: Oh please, that's enough. You're like boys in a playground.

RAWDEN: And what do you suggest, huh? How do we find out who's got the Brainworm wriggling around inside their mind, watching us, waiting to strike? Tessa's been very quiet. What are you keeping to yourself?

TESSA: Nothing. I haven't got it.

RAWDEN: We only have your word for that. Not good enough.

C'RIZZ: For what it's worth, I definitely haven't got it.

CHARLEY: Well, I don't think I've got it, either.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry, C'Rizz, Charley, but with the greatest respect, you wouldn't even know it if you had.

CHARLEY: Wouldn't know?

DOCTOR: The Brainworm could hide inside your mind, in your subconscious, without you even realising it.

TESSA: It happened to me.

RAWDEN: So what's to say it couldn't happen to you, Doctor? What if the Brainworm leapt out of your mind, ripped apart Twyst's head, and then disappeared back inside, hiding somewhere in that formidable maze of lies, half-truths and fake amnesia that you call your mind?

DOCTOR: It's unlikely.

RAWDEN: Unlikely?

DOCTOR: But not impossible.

TESSA: So one of us has the Brainworm in their mind. But who?

C'RIZZ: Doctor, what can we do?

DOCTOR: Well, there is one way of finding out, on a purely subconscious level, of course. Eeny meeny miny mo.

CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor, don't be silly. You can't possibly choose like that.

DOCTOR: You're absolutely right. How about this? Dip, dip, my blue ship sailing on the water, like a cup and saucer, O U T spells

CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor! For goodness sake. Do it like this. This is a fair dip, a very, very fair dip, and in this dip you will be it. Oh.

RAWDEN: Are you two quite insane?

DOCTOR: No, we're being perfectly serious, Rawden. Deadly serious, in fact.

CHARLEY: I'm pointing at me.

DOCTOR: The dip was subconscious, Charley.

C'RIZZ: That can't be right. Doctor, tell her that can't be right.

DOCTOR: Perhaps you worked the dip out before you started, Charley.

CHARLEY: I didn't, honestly.

DOCTOR: I mean subconsciously.

RAWDEN: Kill her! Quick, use Twyst's gun.

CHARLEY: No!

RAWDEN: We must, before the thing in her head kills us all!

DOCTOR: Wait, Rawden. Don't be stupid. I could be wrong.

CHARLEY: Oh, well thanks for that.

RAWDEN: I'll do it. I'm not finishing up like poor Twyst.
DOCTOR: Don't you ever learn?
RAWDEN: Ah! You hurt me.
DOCTOR: My pleasure. Let's get rid of this.
(Clatter.)
DOCTOR: There.
RAWDEN: You fool. That was our only weapon.
DOCTOR: No, *this* is our only weapon, up here in our heads.
C'RIZZ: That could be a problem, Doctor, if up here in our heads is where the Brainworm is hiding.
DOCTOR: Good point. I hate it when you come up with good points like that, C'Rizz.
RAWDEN: You're all irresponsible fools.
DOCTOR: But we're very experienced irresponsible fools. We may not know for certain where the Brainworm is, Rawden, but the moment you point a gun at its hiding place, it'll kill you like that. (snaps fingers) You saw what happened to Twyst.
RAWDEN: You're trying to tell me you've just saved my life. I'm surprised you care, Doctor.
DOCTOR: But I do care. And that's what separates me from you, Rawden. Besides which, it's entirely possible that the Brainworm's hiding in your mind, and I can't quite see you pointing a gun at your own head.
CHARLEY: So it may not be me.
DOCTOR: No.
RAWDEN: But it may, and it probably is.
DOCTOR: Guilty until proven innocent, hmm, Rawden?
TESSA: Doctor, I'm sorry to interrupt, but I've just been thinking.
C'RIZZ: Tessa.
DOCTOR: It's about time someone did that.
TESSA: It's the Brainworm.
RAWDEN: (terrified) Is it her? I knew it was her!
DOCTOR: Careful, Rawden. You'll do yourself a mischief. Let's just calm down and listen to what Tessa has to say. After all, she does have the most experience in dealing with the Brainworm.
TESSA: Exactly. I think I know where it's gone.
DOCTOR: Yes?
TESSA: I'm not sure, but I can sense the thoughts. Terrible, murderous thoughts.
CHARLEY: Tessa, are you all right?
TESSA: My head! Argh! No!
(Growling sound.)
DOCTOR: Charley! Get away!
(Tessa screams.)
CHARLEY: What's happening?
(Silence.)
C'RIZZ: What happened?
DOCTOR: The Brainworm. She was a threat and it killed her.
CHARLEY: You mean it really is one of us.
C'RIZZ: Well how, how was she a threat?
DOCTOR: She was about to tell us where it was, whose mind it was hiding in. The Brainworm knew it and killed her, just the same as it would have done to Rawden if he'd pointed the gun at Rawden? Rawden! Where is he?
C'RIZZ: He's, he's gone.
CHARLEY: Gone where?
C'RIZZ: He must have slipped away when Tessa was, while we were distracted.
DOCTOR: That's no excuse. How can I be so stupid?
CHARLEY: But where could he go?
DOCTOR: He's heading for the exit, and he has my sonic screwdriver. We've got to catch up with him. We can't let him get there before us. Come on.
CHARLEY: What will he do? We still don't know who
DOCTOR: Charley, isn't it obvious? It's Rawden. He must have the Brainworm.
C'RIZZ: What?
DOCTOR: He killed Tessa. Now he's making a break for it. If he gets out of the Cube, if the Brainworm gets out, there will be no stopping it. None whatsoever.

(Running, breathless.)

RAWDEN: Got to get out. Got to get out of here. Oh!

LATCH: Going somewhere?

(Struggling.)

RAWDEN: Get out of my way.

LATCH: Wait a minute. It's you. Oh God, it's actually you.

JANE: Eric Rawden.

RAWDEN: Keep your hands off me, Latch. And you too, Thirgood. You can't touch me in here.

JANE: He's followed the Doctor in here, and now he's running, getting out. He's heading for, for the exit!

RAWDEN: Keep your Psych minds out of my head!

LATCH: You know where the exit is.

RAWDEN: Of course I do.

LATCH: Tell me. Tell me where it is.

RAWDEN: Or what. You mean you don't know? You can't just pluck the thought right out of my head. Finding me a bit tougher than you expected?

LATCH: I ought to kill you now.

RAWDEN: Forget it. You've had your claws pulled, remember? You can't touch me in here, Latch. You can't just reach inside my head and kill me with a click of your fingers.

LATCH: I don't need psychic powers to kill you, Rawden. I can do it with my bare hands.

RAWDEN: (being strangled) Wait. Wait.

(Running footsteps.)

RAWDEN: Wait. Wait, you fool. I can tell you about the Brainworm. You. Argh. You won't get out of here unless, unless you know about the Brainworm.

JANE: Wait, Latch.

LATCH: Brainworm? What about it?

RAWDEN: (gasping) I know where it is. It was Tessa all along. She was the Brainworm. It's true! It's true! It was inside her head.

LATCH: Tessa's dead.

RAWDEN: Tessa may be dead, but the Brainworm's moved on. It's, it's, it's, it's hiding out in someone else's mind, like a slug under a stone.

LATCH: And you know whose mind it's hiding in, do you?

RAWDEN: You know I do. Look into my mind if you have to.

JANE: The girl. Charley. The Brainworm's in Charley's mind!

RAWDEN: Of course. And now we're all in danger. All of us while we're in here. But I can get us out. I know the way out. I can show you the way!

LATCH: You'll take us out of the Cube?

RAWDEN: That's right. If you let me live.

JANE: He's lying! I can sense his thoughts, Latch. He's lying!

RAWDEN: Don't be stupid. Of course I'm not lying. I want to get out of here as much as you do.

LATCH: And you're willing to help us?

RAWDEN: I've no wish to die.

JANE: That's the first honest thing he's said. Latch, come on. Don't be stupid. This is Eric Rawden! This is the man who started all this!

LATCH: Then maybe he's the only one who can end it.

RAWDEN: That's right. I can.

JANE: What about the Doctor?

RAWDEN: You can't trust him. He's, he's a liar and a madman. He's in league with the Brainworm.

LATCH: Is he?

RAWDEN: The girl, the girl, Charley. She's his best friend, for pity's sake.

JANE: Latch, he's lying.

LATCH: I don't care. He knows the way out.

JANE: So does the Doctor. Let's find the Doctor.

LATCH: No! Rawden can take us.

JANE: I'm not going. I don't trust him!

(Latch starts to enunciate his words very carefully. Is there a touch of hiss behind them?)

LATCH: I don't care. I only want to get out of here.

JANE: What's wrong with you?

LATCH: I only want to get out of here.

RAWDEN: What's wrong with him?

JANE: Oh no. Tessa. I just realised.

RAWDEN: What?

JANE: How did Latch know she was dead?

RAWDEN: He. Oh, no.

(The hiss grows.)

RAWDEN: Oh, no, no, no. Please, no.

JANE: It's him, isn't it. The Brainworm, it's in Latch's head! Ah! Ah.

(Gurgle and other noises, then silence. The Brainworm speaks with Latch's doubled up, echoing voice.)

BRAINWORM: I only want to get out of here.

(Running.)

CHARLEY: What's the Brainworm trying to do? What does it want?

DOCTOR: It wants to get out. Out of the Cube, after killing everyone inside it, of course.

C'RIZZ: And then?

DOCTOR: And then it'll kill everyone outside.

C'RIZZ: Oh.

DOCTOR: And I mean everyone. Every living thing with a brain. We have to stop it.

C'RIZZ: I don't see how we can stop it.

DOCTOR: Nor me, but perhaps we'll think of something, anything. I don't know. I'm hoping for extra time. This way, through here.

C'RIZZ: Extra time?

DOCTOR: European Cup Final, 2005. Liverpool versus AC Milan. Steven Gerrard's team was three nil down at half time. Everything looked lost, hopeless. Liverpool's dream of winning the Cup for the fifth time in its history was effectively over. They were staring humiliation in the face.

CHARLEY: And your point is?

DOCTOR: The point is that we don't give up. Liverpool scored three times in the second half, went on to win the match after extra time. I was there, I saw it happen. Moral of the story, never, ever, ever give up. Ever. Come on.

RAWDEN: Please don't let this be happening. Not to me.

BRAINWORM: I only want to get out. Show me the way out. Show me the way out!

RAWDEN: Please, please don't hurt me. Please, don't do that to me. Please!

BRAINWORM: I just want to get out of here.

DOCTOR: And so say all of us.

RAWDEN: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Stay where you are, Rawden.

BRAINWORM: Doctor.

DOCTOR: Hello there, Latch. Or is it the Brainworm?

BRAINWORM: Show me the way out.

CHARLEY: Doctor, look. It's Jane.

RAWDEN: She's dead! Latch blew her brains out with his mind.

DOCTOR: Not Latch, Rawden, the Brainworm.

C'RIZZ: I thought you said the Brainworm was in Rawden's head, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I can't be one hundred percent right about absolutely everything, can I?

CHARLEY: How did it get to Latch?

DOCTOR: It's growing more powerful. It travels telepathically, remember? It must have jumped out of my mind straight into Latches.

CHARLEY: And killed Jane. It's going to kill everyone, you said.

DOCTOR: We have one thing it needs first.

C'RIZZ: Which is?

DOCTOR: It wants to know how to get out of the Cube.

BRAINWORM: Show me the way out of the Cube. Show me now!

DOCTOR: Or what, you'll kill me? Blow my brains out of the top of my head? I have got what you want, Brainworm. I know the way out of here.

RAWDEN: So do I.

DOCTOR: You keep out of this, Rawden.

RAWDEN: The Brainworm can kill you if it wants, Doctor. I can show it the way out.

DOCTOR: Is that what you want, Rawden, to let it escape?

RAWDEN: What's the alternative?

DOCTOR: We all die in here, trapped in the Cube.

RAWDEN: That's not an alternative. That's suicide. Worse than that, that's the coward's way out. But then I should have expected that from you.

DOCTOR: If we all die in here, then the Brainworm stays trapped as well. The world outside is safe. If it gets out, if you show it the way out, then everyone, everyone dies, including you. That's just a slower kind of suicide, Rawden.

BRAINWORM: Show me the way out. Show me the way out!

DOCTOR: You know, there's one thing that's bothering me here. You took great big lumps of my mind out, but you still couldn't find what you wanted. You still couldn't find how to get out of the Cube. Why don't you try it now? Go on, try it. The way out of the Cube is up here, in my head. Go on, take it. Reach inside my mind and take the knowledge right out.

BRAINWORM: Show me the way out.

DOCTOR: Or better still, try Rawden.

RAWDEN: What?

DOCTOR: He knows the way out, and he can open the door with my sonic screwdriver. Try him.

RAWDEN: No, no, don't!

BRAINWORM: Show me the way out.

RAWDEN: Keep away from me!

DOCTOR: You can't do it, can you.

BRAINWORM: Show me the way out!

RAWDEN: I, I'll show you the way out. Just, just promise me one thing. That you'll let me live.

Kill the Doctor and his friends if you like, but let me live! Please, I'm as much a prisoner here as you are. I just want to get out as well. This way.

DOCTOR: Rawden!

RAWDEN: Keep out of this, Doctor. Come on, come on. This way. The exit doors are just here.

The Doctor was right. I have his sonic device. I can

DOCTOR: Rawden, you are mad if you think

RAWDEN: You had your chance, Doctor, and you blew it. This is my time now.

DOCTOR: What, you and the Brainworm? Just good friends? Going to live happily ever after, are you? For about five seconds after you've opened those doors, of course. Then, kablooiie.

Brains all over the place. Your brains.

BRAINWORM: Show me the way out.

RAWDEN: We're all going to die, aren't we.

DOCTOR: Maybe.

RAWDEN: Maybe?

CHARLEY: Maybe?

C'RIZZ: What kind of answer is that?

DOCTOR: We're past extra time now. This is a penalty shoot-out.

RAWDEN: What's he talking about?

CHARLEY: Football.

C'RIZZ: Oh, yes. He really likes his football.

RAWDEN: Football?

DOCTOR: We live or die by what happens next, but you've got to trust me, all of you.

CHARLEY: I trust you, you know that.

C'RIZZ: Same here, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Good. Thanks. Rawden?

RAWDEN: Do I have a choice?

DOCTOR: Yes, of course. Your choice. What's it to be?

RAWDEN: I, I have to trust you.

DOCTOR: All right. And what about Latch? We haven't heard from you for some time, Latch.

BRAINWORM: Show me the way out.

DOCTOR: Do I take that as a yes?

BRAINWORM: Show me the way out!

CHARLEY: (sotto) Doctor, why does he just keep saying that?

DOCTOR: Because it's all the Brainworm wants. It just wants to get out.

RAWDEN: Well, here's the exit, for heaven's sake. What more does it want?

DOCTOR: It doesn't matter about the exit, Rawden, it's still trapped. Trapped in Latch's mind.

C'RIZZ: In his mind?

DOCTOR: Don't you see? Latch has been very clever. The Brainworm jumped into his mind and now it can't get out.

RAWDEN: Why not? What's so special about him?

DOCTOR: What's so special? You know that better than anybody, Rawden. You made him special, remember? The supreme psychic warrior, the telekinetic assassin? A mind like a steel trap, you said. And now the trap has been sprung. Ah yes, Latch, you've been so very clever.

BRAINWORM: Show me the way out.

DOCTOR: What's the matter? Can't you find your way out of the human's mind, Brainworm? Made your last telepathic jump?

BRAINWORM: (pleading) Show me the way out. Please, show me the way out. Please, show me the way out.

DOCTOR: Can't do it, I'm afraid.

CHARLEY: Doctor, if the Brainworm's trapped in Latch's mind, what will happen to Latch?

RAWDEN: Isn't it obvious? That's just perfect.

DOCTOR: Is it? Don't you think Latch deserves his freedom like the rest of us?

RAWDEN: Freedom? Oh, spare me any bleeding heart speeches, Doctor. He's a telepathic criminal. A killer.

BRAINWORM: Please, show me the way out.

DOCTOR: He's trying to save all our lives, Rawden.

RAWDEN: I don't want to stop him doing that, Doctor, and neither do you, do you?

DOCTOR: No.

CHARLEY: What does he mean, Doctor? What's he saying?

C'RIZZ: He means Latch can't leave the Cube, Charley. Not with the Brainworm still in his head. We have to leave him here.

CHARLEY: No!

DOCTOR: Open the doors, Rawden.

(Doors open.)

DOCTOR: Everybody out, now.

CHARLEY: Doctor, we can't.

DOCTOR: We don't have any choice, Charley. Come on.

CHARLEY: But we can't.

DOCTOR: Look at him, Charley. Look at Latch. He's barely holding the Brainworm in check. You can see the strain on his face. I know what that feels like, remember? It only needs a way out. One tiny slip is all it takes. But Latch is holding on, just. He can't last much longer.

CHARLEY: What's he doing now? No, wait!

DOCTOR: Leave him, Charley!

C'RIZZ: He's going back inside.

RAWDEN: He can barely walk.

DOCTOR: Close the doors, Rawden.

CHARLEY: What? No, you can't. He'll be trapped.

DOCTOR: It's now or never, Charley.

RAWDEN: Yes, yes. Nearly there. Argh!

(Hiss of Brainworm.)

LATCH: Rawden, drop dead.

RAWDEN: Argh! Latch, no!

(Clang!)

C'RIZZ: Rawden is dead.

DOCTOR: Latch's one chance to kill Rawden with his psychic power. Telepathic assassination.

CHARLEY: And now he's trapped in there alone with the Brainworm.

DOCTOR: Yes.

C'RIZZ: What will happen to him?

DOCTOR: He'll die. Sooner or later he'll die

CHARLEY: And the Brainworm?

DOCTOR: Won't get out. Ever.

(Footsteps.)

CHARLEY: The Tardis! You knew it was here, didn't you.

C'RIZZ: Yep. Waiting patiently for us all this time.

CHARLEY: Doctor, what are you doing?

DOCTOR: The Cube is running on automatic. It won't need to for very long, but there's no point in taking any changes.

C'RIZZ: What have you done, switched everything off?

DOCTOR: I've sealed the doors with a triple cryptic timelock. The password is based on a Puccini aria played backwards in four four two time, but don't tell anyone.

CHARLEY: Why did you tell us?

DOCTOR: To show you how very clever I am, of course. Any more questions?

CHARLEY: Yes. You obviously don't want the Brainworm to get out, or anyone else to get in, but this is a military prison. What's to stop the military coming to find out what's happened, besides your smart-alek cryptic crossword lock?

DOCTOR: The military will stay clear for a while at least. I've programmed the computers to broadcast a psychic plague quarantine alert. It's not exactly untrue, and it will keep any nosey parkers well away until it's safe.

C'RIZZ: Will it be safe, ever?

DOCTOR: The Brainworm lives on brainwave energy. Once its food source disappears, it will disappear too, and good riddance.

CHARLEY: By food source you mean Gordon Latch.

DOCTOR: Yes.

CHARLEY: He's effectively committed suicide to save our lives.

DOCTOR: Yes.

CHARLEY: He just walked away from everyone and everything, just because he had that evil think trapped in his mind.

DOCTOR: Yes.

CHARLEY: Are you all right, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Not my best day, Charley. Not my best.

C'RIZZ: We're the only survivors.

DOCTOR: That's right. We survived. Could have been worse.

C'RIZZ: (sotto) I couldn't save anyone.

(Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: Come on. Let's survive somewhere else.

(Tardis door closes. Tardis dematerialises.)